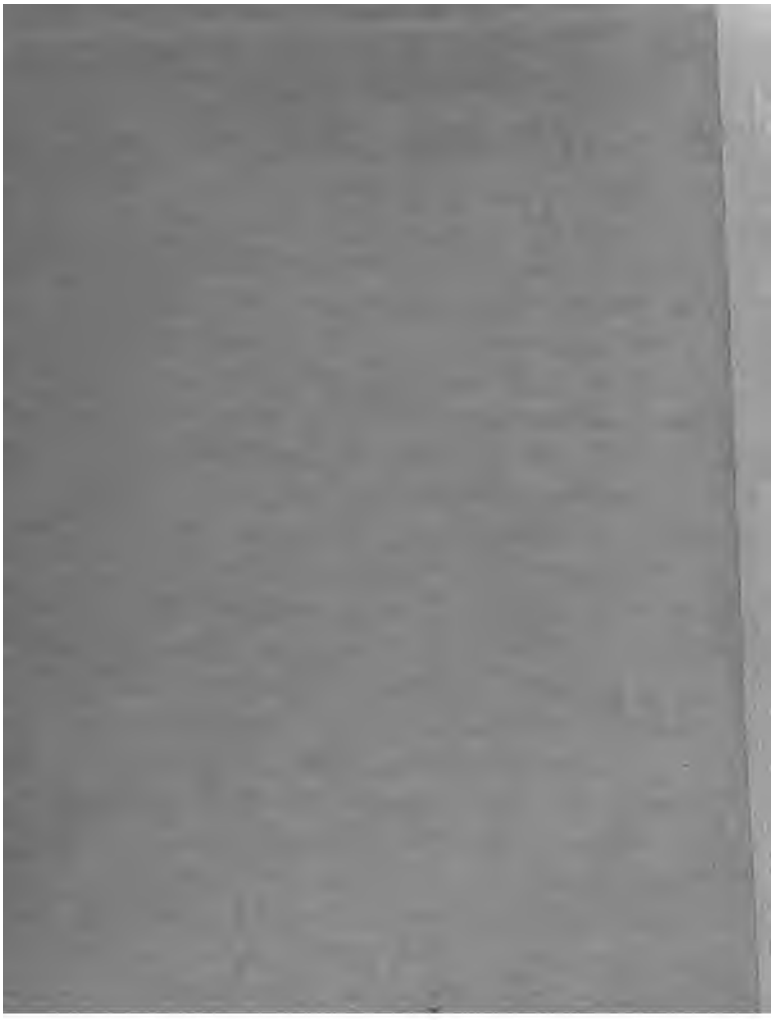

Litchfield
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CRISS-CROSS

BY

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NEW YORK & LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1885

Press of
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York

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CRISS-CROSS.

I.

EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

DON'T scold, Lucy dear! But I 've such a piece of news for you that I know you 'll forgive my not having written you in all these ages. We are going to Europe. Yes, all four of us. We sail in the *City of Rome* on the twenty-seventh—that is, in two weeks. Mamma has been teasing papa to take us ever since I left school. She says foreign travel will be of the greatest advantage to me, and teach me to look at life differently. But, between you and

me, Lucy, I don't wish to look at life differently. I like it prodigiously the way I see it now. I think I 've rather got on the blind side of life any way, for it 's been so good to me always. Even at boarding-school things seemed always to go about right for me, did n't they? —all but the being so far from home, and the leaving you when I came back. And, oh dear, the fun it has been ever since! I don't believe Europe *can* be nicer than Buffalo. Seriously, I don't know how I shall get along in Europe. One can't dance in cathedrals, or carry on in museums and picture-galleries, and even if one managed to pick up a marquis or a duke somewhere along the road, like as not he would n't speak English. Mamma thinks it will rub up my French to go abroad; but I 've made up my mind that I won't grapple with the subjunctive cases again for any thing less than a Prince of the Blood. The indicative mood straight through will have to do for the Counts and Barons.

Poor dear mamma has been hard at work at

all the languages combined ever since the trip was proposed, and by this time she must be as nearly qualified for talking with every man in his own tongue—that is, if she does n't have to say *much*—as if she were one of the apostles. She has bought maps of more countries than the globe contains, and guide-books beyond what any Christian woman ought to possess. She says there 's no use going to Europe without knowing beforehand exactly what one wants to see. But I do know already exactly what I want to see. I want to see the Carnival at Rome, and Venice (with a romantic Gondolier) by moonlight, and I don't care much to see any other place, unless it be Berlin. Anna Forbes spent the winter there, and she said the officers were lovely, and danced like angels. I would n't mind seeing Paris too, of course, though I 'm sure you can get quite as pretty clothes in America, and it 's awfully far to go just for dresses. I 'm frivolous, I know, but I never did care much for dresses, as long as I had exactly what I wanted. So *I* could get

through with Europe in a very little while, but dear me there 's no knowing when we shall get back if we have to do all those books first. Papa looks at them out of the corner of his eye, but he won't touch one of them. He says Mamma is to be captain of this trip, and as it won't do to have too clever a first-mate under her, he sha'n't study up a bit himself. All he needs to know is how to change his money fast enough, he thinks, and if any royal folks want to talk to him and get ideas on the tobacco trade, they will have to learn English first,—that 's all,—*he* is n't going to bother with any *parlez-vous* just for them. Papa rather looks on the whole thing as a huge joke, and asks if I intend to keep on breaking hearts all along the journey, and declares that Europe ought to be warned that I am coming, so that it could bottle up its young men and export them to Asia for safe-keeping. But I tell him in that case I should go directly to Asia to begin with.

However, papa says he does n't see how we shall get away from Buffalo in the first place,

there 'll be "such an uproar among the boys." And indeed he is n't far wrong. I 've had *perfectly dreadful* times with Will Hastings and Edgar Radcliffe, and that man from St. Paul. They, every one of them, insist that I shall give them an answer before I go, as if I could tell all in a hurry which I liked best! Besides, I 'm only twenty, and I want to have lots of fun first before I do such a poky thing as to settle down to one man. If one man is nice, two dozen men must be two dozen times nicer; is n't that logic? So I told them I had n't time to say either yes or no now, and they must wait till I get back. They can wait very well with an occasional letter as a crumb against starvation. They are every one of them going to New York to see me off. Won't it be gay? And perhaps I 'll find out which I like best, by seeing which one I am sorriest to say good-bye to. It 's so hard to know. Of course you think I 'm a wicked flirt, but indeed it is only just those three that I care any thing at all for. I said a big downright no to all the others, but

you see I'm not sure yet about my own feelings with these three, and it would be a pity to send them all off, when perhaps one of them might turn out to be *the* one in the end. Papa calls them my triangle, and says he hopes I 'll do the square thing by them in the end, if I can, but he should n't wonder if Julia got into the marriage circle before me after all. Don't I wish she could be married to-morrow, so that we need n't take her abroad with us! What earthly good can Europe do a child of nine? But mamma won't leave her, and besides she expects Julia to benefit immensely from the trip, she has such an uncommon mind. I am glad it is uncommon. I should be sorry to think there were many more like it. Everybody says she 'll be a genius, and I should n't wonder. She is dreadful enough now to develop into even that; but I suppose there must always be one genius in a family, and *I* don't want to be it, so she may.

There 's the door bell. It 's Bert Norris. I ran and peeped. So did Julia, remarking aloud

that *he* was n't worth my taking my curl-papers down for. But she admits he has excellent taste in candies. He has brought me six boxes in two weeks.

Of course I must go now, so good-bye.

In haste, your loving

FREDDIE.

II.

ONE ONLY ONE.

LUCY RENSHAW TO FREDDIE BOGART.

INDEED I will not scold, Freddie. For even had you written sooner, I doubt if I should have had heart to answer, I have been so very, very sad. Don't be frightened, dear. Nobody has died. You see my paper is not black-edged. It is not a case where I may have the comfort of those outward signs of mourning, that warn the world aside from troubled hearts. You, who have so many lovers, and who feel so lightly towards them all, can scarcely understand what it is to have but one and to love him as desperately as were he the only other human being in the universe, and then to lose him. And for no fault of either his or mine, but simply because father "does not like him."

I first met him last fall, and it seems incredible that in such a little time he could have become so much to me. But I had led such a solitary life till he came into it,—such a different life from yours, Freddie! We have charming neighbors within a mile or two of us, but I see so little of them, that, as far as I am concerned, Staten Island might almost as well be the Sahara Desert, with our tiny cottage its one habitation. Had I brothers and sisters, or a mother, every thing would be different; but how can father, with his solitary, self-contained nature, understand girls and girls' needs? He made the sacrifice of all his instincts, and the one only sacrifice for me that he thinks life should demand of him, when he sent me to boarding-school for that last year of study. To me, the being snatched so suddenly out of my nut-shell life, to be dropped down in the midst of twenty-five noisy, gay girls, was like being flung unarmed into the very thickest of the world's fight. Don't you remember how shy and dazed I was at first, and how I never

seemed to become quite one of you even up to the very end? Had you not been my room-mate, I doubt if even you, with all your sauciness and daring, could have crept so far behind my reserve as ever to reach the real me. But I think that peep at girl-life did me harm. It gave me such a longing for more, and taught me how starving and lonely my heart was. It was like tearing away a veil from my eyes, when perhaps I should have been happier left to go through life blindfold. I had not minded the stillness of our house before. It was second nature to me to go softly through the halls and never to raise my voice lest I should disturb father at his books, or make his poor head worse. My whole life was resolving itself into not making his head worse. It never occurred to me that I had any separate life of my own to live. I think father forgot that too. The commandments simply contain a law of the duty of children towards their parents, as if there were no reciprocal duty of parents towards their children, and he felt it only

right and natural that my whole life should be given up to him, and that all its possibilities and cravings and outreachings should be narrowed down to the sphere of his. For it is narrowing down and dwarfing any life to force it to shape itself so completely to the pattern of another, even though that other one be a broader and better one than itself.

It was my life at school that first showed me this, when I saw girls growing up according to their various individualities, and looking forward to leading lives of personal pursuits and independent interests, and I felt keenly how limited my horizon was in comparison, and how blank my future. I was all unfitted for the old life when I returned to it. Just my father and I in the house, with old Martha to look after us and care for those least of our wants which nature makes the most indispensable,—how intolerably lonely it became to me! And it was hard never even to be able to invite in a friend, because father did not care for company, and any talk around him con-

fused his thoughts in the days when his head allowed him to work.

You see I have no manner or part in father's world, however closely I am confined within its borders. I keep his inkstand full, to be sure, and look out references, or translate great dreary foot-notes for him from some dull German folio, while he pores silently over his manuscripts; or when his head is bad and he keeps to a darkened room for days together, I wait on him in utter silence, bringing him his meals, and bathing his forehead for hours at a time. You must not think him unkind to me. I do not believe he has spoken a harsh word to me in all my life, nor is he conscious that I can have a wish or need ungratified. But I am no companion to him, and he wants none. I am only his secretary and nurse. And the day came when I felt that I had it in me to be more than this to somebody, and that a richer and fuller, and, oh, so much sweeter, life was already within my reach.

You cannot think of me with a lover, can

you, Freddie? Yet, perhaps you can realize what a great flood of sunshine and joy came into my life with him, till it seemed as if all the years before and after were only as a frame to hold the exquisite present. I did not know it was in me to feel so madly happy as I did that day when he asked me to be his wife. It is strange that in my secluded life I could ever have come to know any one so intimately as I knew him; but I think Heaven intended us for each other and so smoothed the way for our hearts to meet. He was visiting our clergyman—almost the only person who calls on us regularly,—and that is how he first came to our house, naturally falling to my lot to entertain while father and Dr. Mackintosh embarked as usual on one of their interminable arguments. I had been long used to slip quietly away from these learned and dreadful discussions that are father's one social relaxation, so that he thought little of it when we two young people took to absenting ourselves and strolling along together through the garden while the visits lasted.

When we first came to care for each other I cannot tell. I think love must have lain in our hearts like a tiny seed from the very first, springing up into full leaf and flower before we knew. Any way there it was, and there it is, and nothing can ever uproot it from my heart. Do you think a blind man to whom a glimpse of the radiant heaven had been vouchsafed for one dazzling moment, could ever forget it after, even though the darkness were to close in upon him again at once and forever?

But father little understands my nature. He supposes that by forbidding us to engage ourselves, or to hold any manner of communication with each other for two whole years, he has completely broken off every thing between us. I will obey him of course to the letter. My being of age does not alter the fifth commandment. Still, had there been any real reason for this separation, I could easier submit. But it was only a capricious whim on father's part. "I do not like the young man. He is personally uncongenial to me," was all he could say

against him, reiterating it over and over again, as if it were a quite sufficient objection.

Ah, Freddie, you have such light ideas of loving and being loved, that you will not comprehend my feelings. To you "lover" means a class of men—not one only one out of all the world, as it means to me. You give a little of your liking to so many, that you have not your whole love left to bestow upon any one. It would not break your heart were you suddenly compelled to let that one go altogether out of your life, taking all its brightness with him, and not to know any more about him,—where he was or what he was doing,—than had you never met him. You see we are so different, Freddie, so very, very different. But I love you well for all that, as I know you love me, or indeed I could not have told you this sorrowful little story of mine, which, like many another half-told beginning, may be destined to end with its first chapter.

This is a sad answer to your gay letter, but I cannot help it, dear, and you are so bright and

happy that my sadness can only come near your life, not rest on it, just as a drifting cloud melts away into the blue as it nears the sun and casts no shadow. And I wanted to tell you every thing before the great sea lay between us. It seems like such a hopeless division between friends, that blank wide sea, that pushes and pushes against the shore as if trying to force back the land until it crowd it out of the world altogether, leaving only a great nothing everywhere.

But the sea does not seem such a solemn thing to you, I dare say, and I hope it may bear you safely across to that gray old world that I have dreamed of since ever I first knew books, and yet that I never expect to see. See it for me too, Freddie dear, with those bright, glad eyes of yours, sure always, wherever you go, that my warmest love and interest follow you.

Ever your true friend,

LUCY.

III.

LUCY'S LOVER.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO HIS SISTER.

NO, my dear girl. I am much obliged, but I don't think I can. I am really not up to spending the summer in Vermont, with you and—forgive me!—your houseful of ubiquitous babies, subject any instant to squalls of whooping-cough, and tempests of measles, and gigantic tornadoes of terrible "anger infantum." But don't sulk. I am not deserting you for a season at Saratoga, or Newport, or the White Mountains, or any other of those used-up, tiresome resorts, where fashionable young women insist upon deforming life into a faded ballroom-by-daylight existence. I intend, instead, trying a run over to Europe. It is true that Europe, too, is nearly done to death by this time, and

threatens soon to outrival Long Branch as a stale, flat, and unprofitable place of entertainment; still it will do for a while yet for that minor class of travellers, who go abroad to learn rather than to look.

Any way, I must go somewhere to escape from this unseasonable heat, which is converting New York into a Turkish-bath establishment at the rate of twenty degrees *per diem*. So I am booked for the *City of Rome*, which sails on the 27th inst. There is not a name on the list that I know, but I always did rather go in for solitude in a crowd and that sort of thing.

I have no plan of action for my movements on the other side. I did it all up so thoroughly in my former trips, that I can permit myself to cruise where I please this time, bound for no especial port. Let me know if you want any folderols, only bear in mind that my trunk has limits if my amiability has not.

You put this last trait to a very considerable test, when you pelt me with such point-blank questions as those in your last letter.

But as I strongly suspect you to be harboring secret hopes that at some future day I will cast bygones to the winds, and surrender myself to you meekly, to be married off-hand to whatever Polly or Molly you may have in store for the emergency. I will inform you once for all that the "little Staten-Island episode," as you playfully term it, has settled forever the vexed question as to your future sister-in-law. No, I am *not* engaged, according to the feminine reading of that word. That is, I have given no ring, and have not looked at the state of my cravats. Nevertheless, I quite intend to marry Lucy Renshaw, and shall do so just as soon as that intolerable father of hers relents or dies. He is bound to do one or the other in course of time, and if Heaven would kindly allow me the choice, without any unchristian feeling at all towards the old gentleman, and in the most friendly spirit possible, I should elect that he might do the latter. I think he would really be very much more comfortable dead, he finds life so distressingly noisy, and he is so uncom-

monly fond of the dark. Lucy's reddish-gold hair (that, by the way, ripples all over her head, too naturally for even the basest soul to suspect curl-papers) must be a perpetual discomfort to him, it makes such a bright spot in the room, and I thought I was doing him the greatest kindness in my power when I offered to remove it permanently from his vision. But it seems not. Lucy has qualities which atone even for the unfortunate mischance of her exquisite blonde coloring, and she is unlike all other women in the world in that she never makes a noise, and has a talent for holding her tongue which positively amounts to genius. You may imagine the shock any outsider would be to all the household ways of the establishment. I seemed to come in among them like a stiff mountain breeze. The old gentleman moved his chair instinctively away from me. I think he fancied I gave him a cold in the head. And it was quite dreadful when I laughed. I believe no one had ever laughed there before, and the unaccustomed echoes

took it up, and repeated it back and forth in startled wonder, and did n't seem able to let go of it. I never knew before what a noisy thing a laugh was,—that is, a man's laugh. Lucy's was so soft and low it scarcely made a ripple on the air. And fancy my feelings when one day I unguardedly raked a coal out of the grate as I poked the fire. That coal sealed my chances. I felt immediately that Mr. Renshaw would *never* accept me as a son-in-law. It was not a large coal, indeed, it was rather a small and insignificant coal, but it made the most of itself that it possibly could. Instead of landing flat on the hearth in one good, honest bounce, it jumped from bar to bar, seeming to gather life and strength in its progress, and then rolled over and over along the hearth with deliberate and fiendish intention of prolonging the agony to the utmost, till it came to the tongs, where it brought up with a grand final crash, comparable to nothing it seemed to me at the moment but the bursting of a bomb-shell. Mr. Renshaw shivered from head to

foot, and held up his delicate white hands in a sort of hopeless protest against the gods that could let such things be. "Oh, oh, oh!" he said, in a smothered voice; and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he got up and left the room.

No virulent abuse could have been worse. Had I been caught setting fire to an orphanage, or detected in the very act of putting the dessert knives into my overcoat pocket, I could not have had a guiltier sense of having been found out. Mr. Renshaw knew now just what I was. Birth, education, means, a not altogether unsightly exterior, and a fairly respectable code of morals—these weighed as nothing in the balance. I could let coals drop.

So you will understand that I was scarcely surprised when I received my final sentence of two years' banishment. Mr. Rensh[illegible] considers that this quite ends [illegible] take the liberty of disagree[illegible] though I have not an [illegible] the stability of hum[illegible] both Lucy and I

Et voilà tout. I am waiting and trusting. But you see, under the circumstances, and considering that I think old dame Nature would be hard put to it to produce a second creation as charming and successful as my Lucy, it would be lost time for you to advertise for another sweetheart for me.

So put all your schemes in your pocket (that is if you can find it, for a lady's pocket seems generally a sort of Northwest passage—there, but undiscoverable), and devote your sisterly energies henceforth to praying that Lucy's valued guardian and parent may be spared the sorrows of a too prolonged existence. Y[illegible] had better pray for that, I fear, rather [illegible] a chan[illegible] of heart; for though I have [illegible] M[illegible]w's genealogical table, I [illegible] conviction that [illegible] unbroken line [illegible] [illegible]haraoh w[illegible]

[illegible] dear, [illegible] the [illegible]

slopes of Staten Island through an opera-glass fails to bring me virtually any nearer the object of my dreams, I am off to Europe for the summer. You shall hear from me again, if I may rely upon you to cease persecuting me with petticoated angels, warranted each and all to be "the only wife in the world for me." Lucy is the one only genuine article of that description; all the rest are counterfeits.

Believe me, ever affectionately,

Your Brother,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

IV.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

I DON'T like you to say that I can't appreciate your feelings, Lucy dear. Why, I cried and cried over your letter. Will Hastings asked me who had died, I looked so dismal when I went in to see him; I did n't get over it all the evening. Bert Norris had gotten up a theatre party for me, and every now and then, between the acts, I thought of you and sniffed a little, and Bert imagined it was because I was to leave him so soon, and he got quite sentimental and tender over me. I let him go on all he liked, it was so comical when I was n't crying for him a bit!

I think your father is—there, I almost wrote it out! Oh, Lucy, it does n't seem right that I should have all the sunshine, and you have

all the rain. I wish I could do something for you. I wish I could run across your lover somewhere. I would march straight up to him, and say: "Look here, sir, you are to go back to Lucy this very minute; I don't care if she has forty thousand fathers, and they are all shooting at you. You are to go directly back to Lucy, and never leave her again." And then if he did n't go, I 'd make faces at him, and *drive* him back to you. Oh, if I could only get hold of him!

But what 's the good of wishing? I can't stay to take care of you. I 've got that stupid old Europe on my hands, and we start for New York to-night. All Buffalo is squeezing itself into our drawing-room now, and everybody is recommending a different preventive for sea-sickness, and saying that it never helped *him*, but that it is infallible in *every* other case.

Good-bye, you dear darling. I 'll write you big letters to cheer you all I can. There, they are calling. Yes—yes—I 'm coming! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye. FREDDIE.

V.

ALL SAILS SET.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

LUCY, Europe is lovely! We have n't got there yet, but if it is like this, I am glad we came. I had no idea it would be such fun. You should have seen my bouquets the day we sailed. I could n't begin to hold them all. I felt just like a prima donna. My Triangle was there to see me off,—even the man from St. Paul; and lots of others, and I 've come to the conclusion that I 'll have to marry them *all* when I get back, for I felt as sorry to leave one as another. I cried hard all the time, and did n't hear what they said and did n't know what I said, and I am not sure but I kissed several of them by mistake, I got them so mixed up with the relatives.

We have had a beautiful crossing. I was sick just at first before I knew anybody, but I felt ever so much better as soon as I had some acquaintances. Papa says young gentlemen are the very best remedy against sea-sickness that he knows of, and should always be laid in by the ship's company instead of Hostetter's Bitters. There were not many young ladies on board, at least not many visible, and so I had all the men to myself,—all but one that is, and nobody had him. I have made up my mind that he is an Englishman returning from his first trip to America, he watches people so, and seems not to care for talking to any one,—that 's the English reserve one hears so much about,—and he must be a duke at the very least, he is so *distingué*-looking. I got Julia to go and talk to him one day when he sat reading quite near me. I thought if anybody could find out anything about him she could. This is what I overheard:

Julia (stopping in front of him point-blank, and without any premonitory preambles whatever).—I say, what 's your name?

Mr. Duke (apparently not in the least startled, and without looking up).—My dear, it 's so long since I was baptized that I have forgotten.

Julia (balancing herself on one leg and biting hard at an apple).—Why, how old are you?

Mr. Duke (with utmost seriousness).—I have n't the least idea.

Julia.—Why don't you find out?

Mr. Duke.—I shall.

Julia.—How?

Mr. Duke.—I shall look in the newspaper when I die.

Julia.—Where do you live?

Mr. Duke.—At home.

Julia.—Where 's that?

Mr. Duke (looking up as if he noticed Julia for the first time).—I beg your pardon, little girl, did you speak?

Julia (aggrieved).—I 've been speaking some time.

Mr. Duke (returning to his books).—How very kind of you. Please keep on.

Julia (contemplating him a moment from the standpoint of the other leg).—Are you married?

Mr. Duke.—Ask my wife. I leave all those small matters to her.

Julia.—I don't know who your wife is. I 'd rather ask you.

Mr. Duke (absently).—Oh, by all means. Pray don't stop. Keep on asking all you like. It does n't interrupt me in the least. I like to be asked questions while I am reading.

Julia.—I think you are a very queer man. I don't like you.

Mr. Duke.—That is a great point gained. We have a distaste in common.

Julia.—What have you got such an ugly rug for?

Mr. Duke (absorbed in his book).—What, my dear?

Julia (louder).—What have you got such a very ugly rug for?

Mr. Duke (looking up vacantly).—Eh?

Julia (screaming).—What - have - you - got - such - a - *very* - ugly - rug - for?

Mr. Duke.—Oh, yes. Thank you. Now I hear nicely.

Julia (after an instant of silence over her apple).—Why don't you talk to me?

Mr. Duke (very blandly).—I thought I was talking. Somebody was, I know.

Julia.—It was me. You don't say any thing. I guess I 'll go.

Mr. Duke (politely).—Do not hesitate on my account. I should be exceedingly loath to detain you.

Julia.—Oh, I 'll come back. I won't be gone long.

Mr. Duke (rising in sudden desperation and glaring down at her).—When you come back, little girl, you shall have my seat and my book and my rug and every thing, and I 'll jump overboard. You may tell the captain not to stop the boat for me. I would rather drown.

It was too funny. I was pretending to be asleep and peeping out at him all the time from under the rugs, and shaking with laughter. Julia was frightened at his unexpected on-

slaught, and began backing away from him with eyes and mouth wide open. He instantly took off his hat, made her a bow so deep and so awful that she fled in precipitation, and then reseated himself with a sigh of such comically exaggerated relief that I laughed right out loud. He glanced round with a frown, and I gave a sly kick to my rug that slipped it off on to the deck just out of my reach, so that of course he had to get up and hand it to me, and of course I had to apologize for the trouble I gave him. But he merely lifted his hat without a word, and returned to his seat and his book. I can see he does n't approve of me. He thinks I am too gay and have too many young men around. He counts them every time he goes by,—I know he does,—and there is scorn in his eye. He aggravates me. Wherever we chance to meet, on the gangways or in the passages, he acts as if I had only just come aboard and he had never set eyes on me till that moment. The little episode with the rug did n't advance our acquaintance a bit. I

would n't mind if only I did n't feel that he *is* perfectly aware of my existence all the time and is criticising me. He 's writing a book about America, I 'm positive he is, and he 'll put me in it. I 'll go down as a type; thus—

"American girls. They are flirts. Their hair does n't curl when it rains. They say me for I. They jump rope at an advanced age. They are addicted to giggling and young men, and abjure wisdom, thick shoes, and the proprieties."

Fancy a whole continent full of Freddie Bogarts! Now if only he could have seen you, my dear!

Poor Mamma has been sick every inch of the way. It 's her previous over-dose of guide-books that did it. Who could help feeling queer with a lot of unwholesome facts crammed into one and standing on beam's end half the time? I 'm so glad I did n't study. Knowledge always upsets my stomach.

Oh! oh! Ralph Waterman says Queenstown is in sight! I 'll finish this when I can. Hooray for Europe!

London.

Oh, my dear, Europe is horrid. There is no end to it. I wish we could have done it all by steamer, and never have come ashore. I can't begin to tell you what I 've seen. My mind has given out. All I remember of Liverpool is a sensible waiter who said there was no use in our going to York, and who gave us a receipt for Yorkshire pudding superior to the Minster. And all that I recall of Chester is that we met the Watermans there, and that Ralph and I ran a race along the old wall to refresh us after the cathedral. That was our first cathedral, and Mamma said I ought to be impressed. I remember now that I was impressed —with its mustiness, and with the dowdy get-up of a pretty girl I saw in the cloisters. If I owned Europe, I 'd go around and air all the cathedrals, they need it so badly.

But I 'm *blasé* as to sights already. I 've said "it 's lovely" and "it 's splendid" so often that I 've worn the poor words quite out, and have packed them away for a rest. If you

want to know where we 've been, draw your finger at random over any map of England, Ireland, and Scotland. If we had taken the towns alphabetically, as I suggested, we should have doubled less on our tracks. As it is, we have made a sort of grasshopper tour of Great Britain, jumping North, South, East, or West, as the fancy took us,—here to a city because it was old, there to a city because it was new; here to a river because it was broad, there to a river because it was narrow, and here again to some other spot still that was n't celebrated for any thing under heaven, but which mamma said might become so some day, when we should regret not having seen it while we were so near. I feel *near* a lunatic asylum the whole time for the matter of that, and I don't doubt I shall get there, too, at last. Oh, such times as we have had! We have lost each individual trunk over and over again; and once we lost every blessed bit of bag and baggage together in a lump for three days; and once we lost Julia. But every thing that belongs to us is of the

bad-penny order and is sure to turn safely up again, so we don't fret. Then we 've missed trains, and have taken the wrong trains, and have been left by trains at stations where we stepped out to rest ourselves, and have made no end of mistakes with our tickets, once travelling an entire day in exactly the opposite direction from where we wanted to go, before we found out that we had booked ourselves for the wrong town. Papa says the railroad companies have made a fortune out of us already. He is just as lovely as he can be, and does n't mind the fusses and bothers and blunders one bit, though he *was* a little uneasy that time we lost Julia, and poor Mamma went nearly raving distracted. There never was a child like Julia for getting into trouble. Her various accidents form a continuous journal of our travels and are my only diary. I should not remember where we had been but for her; but I can never forget that she fell down stairs at Dublin, and bumped her head against Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh, and lost a double tooth

on the Isle of Wight, and had an awful fit of temper all through Wales because I would n't let her wear my gold bangle. Of course I gave in at the end, and she fixed the river Wye indelibly in my memory by losing off my bracelet into it before she had had it on five minutes. She is getting more hopelessly spoiled than ever. Every one notices her because she is so pretty and so bright and so bad, and she is growing wilder than a hawk and unmanageable as a colt. I don't see that she has improved from the trip thus far, but Mamma says that travel is always improving even when the effects don't show; I suppose it gets into the system like a sort of suppressed measles, and you feel it afterwards. And certainly the way Julia picks up things is wonderful. She can't hear a guide or a cabby speak without catching his accent on the spot and mimicking him to his face. She really is an awful child to travel with. But we are going to rest for a while before we travel any more—that is, if seeing London is any rest. I believe Mamma always

goes to bed with her walking-boots and hat and veil on, so as to be ready for the morning's start, but I mean to shirk all the sights I can. What I like best is driving in Hyde Park, though everybody stares at me so in my great broad-brimmed hat, that if it were not so becoming I should never put it on again. However, the Watermans and Baxters have turned up, so that after all, in spite of the museums, I like London pretty well; and a Mr. Grey, an old bachelor whose name seems somewhat to have soaked all through his life and him, has gotten himself unaccountably entangled in our party, and goes everywhere with us, to his own immense astonishment, poor old fellow. You should have seen him with papa at the opera the other night. He 's too learned and dull to care one bit for music, and the only kind that Papa likes is the hand-organs', because he says you pay those to stop, and you have to pay all the rest to begin. So Mr. Grey and papa sat together at the back of the box, and just talked business straight through. Papa said it was the

very first opera he had ever really enjoyed. I could hear his emphatic "Well, sir—" and his "Don't you think, now—" running like a chorus through every air. Ralph made a funny little drawing of them on the edge of the programme. We dropped it accidentally afterward out of the box, and it fell down at the feet of —— whom do you think? of Mr. Duke, who happened to be standing just underneath. Ralph and I were bending over to see what became of the programme, and Julia (who would go to the opera too, though she ought of course to have been in bed) had pushed herself between us.

"Oh, there 's that horrid man!" she said right out loud in her clear, shrill voice, and of course he looked up, and I bowed to him, just because he seemed so thoroughly disgusted and immediately moved away, as if afraid some of the high-born aristocrats might identify him with "that dreadful American party." I don't suppose any thing would ever induce *you* to bow to a man you did n't actually know; but when

his face was so familiar, it was the most natural thing in the world to do, and our crossing on the same steamer was quite as good as an introduction. Besides, I wanted to make Ralph stare.

And what do you think, yesterday I saw him again. It was Sunday, and Mamma insisted that we must go to the Abbey to hear Canon Farrar. I hate the Abbey. It is n't a church; it 's nothing but a big cemetery turned in-doors, and it 's the very dirtiest place I ever saw. I suppose the tombs are so old they leak, and though it may seem sacrilege to suggest that a plebeian nineteenth-century broom should sweep up such royal and extra-venerable dust, it 's none the less unpleasant to walk in it. In fact, I find mingling with the illustrious dead exceedingly detrimental to my shoes and my skirts, not to mention my spirits.

There was the usual crowd yesterday, the washed and the unwashed (the latter predominating) all jammed together indiscriminately in the pews and aisles. I did so hope Canon

Farrar would preach on the text that ought to be in the Bible and is n't, that cleanliness is next to godliness; but he was perched so high above his odoriferous audience, that I daresay nothing reached him save an occasional musty whiff from the chapels of Elizabeth and Mary, or from the obsolete old tomb of obsolete old Edward the Third. But I am told that to English noses the savor of aristocrats dead or alive is welcome as incense to a worshipper, and that a deceased king is the next best thing possible to a living king, so probably the Canon preached all the better for it. I suppose the sermon was magnificent; Mamma said it was; but I did n't hear a word, I was so busy trying to make out the inscriptions on the monuments over my head, and wishing the Abbey were a Roman Catholic church still, so that I might sprinkle a little holy water on them, they were so unholily dirty. And then I espied a poor old creature, probably Lord Somebody's ex-cook, standing in the crowd in the aisle. She looked ready to drop, and I was so sorry I had n't

noticed her before. Of course I gave her my seat, though it was all I could do to make her take it. I had to push her down into it in the very middle of an expostulatory courtesy.

Well, virtue has its own reward, for no sooner was I in the aisle, than the surging crowd moved me a little farther along, and I caught sight of Mr. Duke's handsome head at the end of one of the pews on my side. Was n't it luck? So I allowed the crowd to push me on till I got a little in front of him, so that he could n't help seeing me, and then I put on just as tired a look as I knew how, and leaned up against the pew as the old ex-cook had done, as if I had n't a scrap of backbone left. I am not very robust-looking, you know, at the best, and I presume my prolonged contemplation and inhalation of tombs had made me a trifle pale; any way in a few moments pity stirred his manly bosom, and up he got and offered me his seat. Of course, I expostulated as well as I decently could,—like my old woman again,—but it was of no use, especially

as he scarcely looked at me. Perhaps it 's ducal never to recognize people in church, but there was n't so much as a gleam of recognition on his face. He acted as if I were merely some ailing stranger to whom he surrendered his seat purely for my health's sake. If all Englishmen are as stiff as he is, I should never get on with them in the world. I don't like it. In America people generally remember me after they have seen me for a week or more.

So there he stood, and there I sat, feeling very mean too, for I was n't really an atom tired—except of the sermon. From my new position I gained a new view and new whiffs of still more ancient and dismal tombs, and not much else. Mr. Duke stood with his back to me. Not a word of the sermon was lost on *him.* He came for it, and he was evidently taking it all in and picking it to pieces on the spot. He had left his hat under his seat, so I pushed it gently along out of his reach with my foot, I daresay leaving a dusty imprint upon it sacred to the memory of Robert Peel

or George Canning or some other dead worthy, if he did but know it. You 'll be shocked at what I did next, but for the life of me, Lucy, I could n't help doing it. I had a sixpence in my pocket that I meant to put in the contribution plate as I went out the door; but when the service was over, and Mr. Duke stooped down for his hat, and it had to be fished out by an obnoxiously oily old person who sat next to me, and passed along to him, I could n't resist dropping in my sixpence as I handed it to him,—just as if I had mistaken it for the plate. I am afraid the corners of my mouth curled a little suspiciously, but he went off immediately as if he had n't noticed any thing whatever, and I rejoined Mamma, rather frightened at what I had done, and after we had collected our party, who were as widely scattered as the bones of any one saint, we started for home.

As we passed outside the church, there stood my friend Mr. Duke, talking with a couple of gentlemen, and as we went by, he suddenly stepped up to me.

"I beg your pardon," he said, reaching out his closed hand; "but is not this yours?"

I stopped, flushing, and laughing too a little guiltily, and holding out my hand instinctively, and into it he dropped—no, not my sixpence as I expected, but a great clumsy india-rubber button, such as are only worn on the very commonest and ugliest of waterproof cloaks. Where he picked it up I don't know; it certainly was not mine; but before I could speak, or throw it away, or any thing, he lifted his hat with perfect gravity, and that aggravating look of never having seen me before, and walked away, and I have n't the remotest idea whether he did it in joke or in earnest, or even whether he had so much as discovered the unexpected silver lining to his hat.

"Have you lost a button, my dear?" said Papa, innocently, taking hold of my sleeve. "Ah, so you have." (There were two or three gone, as it happened—there always are.) "How very kind of the gentleman."

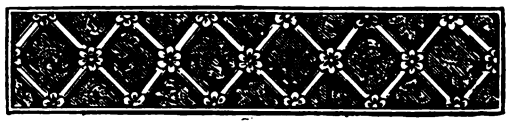
"Very," I said, demurely, and consoled my-

self later by passing off the button on Mr. Grey as a liquorice lozenge.

But it 's late, and I must go to bed, for I believe we 've the Tower or that dreadful British Museum on hand for to-morrow. I won't apologize for the length of my letter, for I know you want to hear all about Europe. Oh, Lucy dear, Europe would be divine if only all the sights were wiped out of it. When you travel, do choose some brand-new country that has n't had time to collect any thing but people.

Your loving and very sleepy

FREDDIE.



VI.

THE WAY OF HER.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO HIS SISTER.

IF all roads led to Rome in olden days, all roads lead now to London, so you will scarcely be surprised, my dear sister, to learn that I have gravitated here with the crowd, and that I find it easier to stay on than to make plans to go elsewhere. I never did enjoy ruling my whole life by a time-table, and getting up in the morning just when a railway company said I should, and I find it an immense relief to be abroad for once without having to be a tourist. I believe it is maintained that the very apex of human felicity consists in visiting Europe *for the first time*, but the second, third, or fourth time is to me far more agreeable than the first. I can't see that any glamour whatever attaches

itself to the first time of any thing. There is always an uncertainty, and a crudeness, and an awkward unaccustomedness about a first experience, which to a mature mind is painful rather than pleasant. Only children or childish souls find a charm in mere novelty. For my part, I believe even a first day in heaven would be uncomfortable. I should want to know the ropes even there before I could begin really to enjoy it, and should feel at first too much like a tyro in bliss—a sort of spiritual parvenu, upon whom the old *habitués* would look with a holy condescension that my newly-fledged angelhood would find exceedingly trying.

With these sentiments, you will comprehend how superior I feel to those unfortunates who are launched on their "first trip abroad." Nevertheless, they interest me highly as a class. I look on them with the amused pity that I should bestow on a country lout at a table-d'hôte, who gorges himself with every dish in turn, not knowing what is to come next, and fearful that each may be his last.

That is precisely what we Americans do on our first visit to the Old World. We are so anxious to miss nothing, to partake of every thing, that we gorge our minds to an idiotic state of repletion, and are only too lucky if we escape a fit of mental indigestion that shall last us all our lives.

I have met a fine specimen of this class lately. She is a wife and mother, but for the time being she is neither. She is merely a traveller, —a sexless being who is "seeing Europe." It is a matter of conscience with her. She is actuated neither by instinct nor by inclination, but solely and entirely by duty. She will do it thoroughly. She will leave no room for the after-remorse of the slipshod and the superficial. Though the object seen may fade to obscurity in the semi-eclipse of her over-burdened memory, she wishes to be able always to assert with conviction that she *has seen* it. No one will have the satisfaction of saying to *her:* "Oh, you ought to have seen that. It is the one sight of Europe." She is guarding against such a con-

tingency for all time, and there is a harassed, anxious look about her delicate face, and deep lines upon it, that I am sure are of European grafting. It is the ideal face of the painstaking, conscientious sight-seer. You could not persuade her to pass by a church, or a gallery, or a museum, though you swore by the Holy Rood that it was lost time to enter. She has the spirit of a martyr at the stake, and would rather die of Europe than prove a renegade to her guide-book. She will skip no single picture,—was it not hung there to be looked at?—and will look twice at those marked in the catalogue with a double star. Not even the British Museum will daunt her. She will feel relieved that it is not required of her to "do" the library, but she will slur over nothing else, and will devoutly peruse every exhibited manuscript letter from beginning to end, regretting that royalty wrote so illegible a hand, and puzzling long over those in foreign tongues before she discovers that they are not in English, and may therefore conscientiously be passed.

Perhaps you think the character overdrawn, but I assure you it is from life. My good lady is, as I said, a type of a large and national class, but as a type she is absolutely perfect. Indeed it is a family of types. They crossed with me on the *City of Rome*, so that I had abundant opportunity for studying them, though I did not attempt to make their acquaintance. One can study people better from the impartial standpoint of an outsider, and I confess they interested me immensely from the start, they were each and all so pre-eminently American, though after one has travelled a little beyond one's garden one gets almost to resent so pronounced a stamp of nationality upon our people, and to expect that they should appear as cosmopolitan in their characteristics as they are in their origin. Usually, the higher a man's grade of culture, the less markedly does he represent his country. He has been educated above its idiosyncrasies, and might belong to the best of any nation when his scholarship is complete.

But as to the Bogarts (by this euphonious name have I heard them addressed), wherever and however I encountered them, I should recognize them at once and unmistakably as Americans. The father is an honest, easy-going, good-humored man of business, with about as much taste for antiquities as a Hottentot, and with a sense of humor which makes him feel a sort of ludicrousness in becoming denizen of a country in which he has never taken any stock since he was born. However, he has agreed to see his wife and daughter safely through Europe, and he will do it as only an American husband would, in cheerful, uncomplaining resignation, without counting the cost or flinching at hardships.

One daughter is a child, *the* awful American child, pretty as an angel and infinitely better dressed, but shrill-voiced, bad-mannered, high-tempered, ungoverned, and all-pervading, who rules the family with a despotism unknown to thrones, and from whom there is neither refuge nor escape.

The other daughter I am convinced I ought to hand over to Henry James on the spot. She would make his fortune, and it requires his dialytic pen to do her justice. She belongs to that general class of girl known as the American flirt; but there are as many sorts and kinds of flirts as there are varieties of fish in the sea, and this young lady is of a particular species that has never yet been adequately shown up. I regret my unfitness for the rôle of showman, but to describe any thing well one must in a manner love it, and my feelings towards this saucy little girl wholly lack this refining ingredient. In fact I thoroughly disapprove of Miss Bogart. By the way, I do not recall that I ever heard her given this dignified title, though she is a young lady grown. She is usually spoken to or of as "Miss Freddie," and once or twice I overheard a young man address her *tout bonnement* as "Freddie," a slip which I am quite sure she did not notice, and perhaps would not have resented in any case.

My attention was attracted to her the day we

sailed. She had such an enormous quantity of melancholy youths to see her off, and was so overladen with their dismal floral emblems as to remind me unpleasantly of a moving hearse. She did not seem to me pretty enough to warrant such a crowd of admirers. She *is* pretty, of course,—all our girls are,—but not remarkably so. She is only a delicate-looking, blue-eyed little thing, with short, curly black hair, who takes no pains to preserve her complexion, who has not a particularly good figure, and who says "mommer" and "popper." Her points are, I suppose, her eyes, which are uncommonly liquid and bright; and, perhaps, her mouth, which, though neither small nor classical, is very expressive when she talks or laughs, showing her really beautiful teeth; perhaps, too, a saucy way she has of bending and turning her head when she looks at you—like a bird just ready to take wing.

She apparently knew no one on the steamer at first, and missed her accustomed court sadly. She lay around on the deck limp and languid

and unsmiling, complaining of headache or sideache whenever her father urged a promenade. I studied her, as you see, quite closely. Not having any acquaintances myself, and not being able, with the best intentions, to sit and dream steadily of Lucy all day long, I found it a pleasing variety to try and analyze what might be the peculiar charm about this not at all extraordinary little damsel, who would scarcely be called pretty when her mobile face is in repose, and yet who evidently holds so many hearts in thrall.

But, with the advent of the first young man beside her chair, my eyes were opened. Her whole being underwent some subtle change at his coming. She became at once a different creature. Like the war-horse, she scented battle on the breeze, and was impatient for the fray. Her spirits rose to high tide. Her pretty blue eyes shone and danced. Her pupils dilated. Her lips dimpled. All the lethargy and indifference and fatigue vanished as by magic; she was bright, sparkling, gay, and happy as a

little child. I did not fancy her to be especially witty or intellectual, though certainly she was clever; but she prattled incessantly all day long with an apparently exhaustless fund of talk and merriment. She promenaded, she raced, she played games, she danced, she bullied the captain and hoodwinked the purser, and found every thing *such fun* and *so nice!* She had a sweet, soft voice, fortunately, since it was seldom silent, and a laugh that could only come from a heart unshadowed by a care or sorrow, and she seemed as innocent and guileless as a child, with all her pretty, taking little ways; and undoubtedly she has many very lovable traits, for her parents adore her, and even her wretched small sister seems fond of her. But she is a flirt, and despite the entire openness and frankness of her proceedings, she is a decidedly dangerous flirt too. Her one aim in life seems to be to secure herself a "good time," and with no malice prepense, her one idea of a good time is to be "great friends" with one or more doomed young men.

As I said, I did not know her personally, though nothing would have been easier than to have made her acquaintance. She is by no means inaccessible, and one needs but to be of the opposite sex to find favor in her sight. She does not ask more than that. She is not in the least *difficile*, and does not require—perhaps would not appreciate—greatness in her knights. Only they must be *her* knights *par excellence*.

I think she was a little provoked at my holding so aloof. I am quite sure that she set her detestable small sister at me one day to try and force me out of my shell, but I was not to be so easily snared, and preferred to stand aside and watch my fellows as they fell facile victims. Each man evidently plumed himself upon possessing her especial favor, and believed that she was flirting tremendously with everybody else, but was perfectly sincere with him.

This is how she does it. She came up on the arm of one of her numerous attendants one day, and leaned over the taffrail so near me that I could not help overhearing the conversa-

tion. It is a part, too, of her apparent guilelessness that she always says her say out with the utmost frankness, no matter who stands by.

"Oh, is n't the water lovely to-day, Ralph,—Mr. Waterman, I mean,"—she began, smiling up in his face with a perfect would n't-you-like-to-kiss-me look.

"Don't call me Mr. Waterman. Say Ralph."

"Shall I, really? I would *like* to, but ——"

"Why not? You call lots of fellows by their first names."

"Yes, but *you*,—it seems different somehow. I will, though, if you say I may. May I—Ralph?"

"I wish you would, always."

"Well, then, I 'll call you Ralph, and you must call me Freddie, and we 'll be great friends, won't we?"

She stood very near him, with her saucy head bent over to one side and her pretty eyes flashing, the pupil growing larger and the iris darker and more liquid every moment.

"Of course we will," said Ralph, with fervor. "That 's what I want."

"I want it, too," Miss Freddie went on glibly; "so let 's promise to be *real* friends, and never to fall in love with each other all our lives long. And we won't ever flirt the very least little bit, will we, Ralph?"

She came nearer still, and bent her head over on the other side and peeped up at him sideways. She was quite as irresistible as she meant to be. I wonder Ralph did not kiss her on the spot. Perhaps he would have done so but for my restraining presence.

"We won't make any promises," he answered rather unsteadily. "But I 'm glad you won't flirt with me. I 'm not flirting with you. And you know you are an awful flirt—Freddie."

Her whole face instantly brightened and sparkled with happy laughter, as if he had paid her the greatest compliment possible.

"Am I?" she said. "Am I?"

And then she bent her head low down and grew very solemn all in a moment, and looked up at him as if just ready to say her prayers.

"But *we* won't flirt, will we, Ralph?"

"*I* won't," returned her cavalier, honestly enough, I dare say.

"That 's *so* nice," continued Miss Freddie, drawing a deep sigh, as if her soul were relieved of an oppressive burden. "And then you see we can have such beautiful times together, and when we get to Europe you must go wherever we do, and I can be just as nice to you as I like, because you 'll know that I 'm not flirting. And—and—" here she threw in a pleading look as if she were begging her very soul's life, "you 'll let me flirt a little—just a *very* little with the rest of them, won't you, Ralph?"

"I don't care what you do to all the rest of the world, so long as only you don't flirt with *me*," Ralph answered somewhat hoarsely, with an anxious glance in my direction, and in compassion of his feelings I moved away, that the touching scene might have what fitting conclusion he chose. But presently the pair came tripping after me and passed me by, Miss Freddie laughing and chatting and dragging her unresisting victim gayly on where she would. I

think she finds some third presence necessary to the proper carrying out of these little dramas. It spoils a man for flirtation purposes when he goes too far, and Miss Freddie's aim seems to be to keep him always at boiling heat, but not to allow him *to boil over*. She is immensely clever at it, only —— poor Ralph!

I have seen her several times since landing, —you know how one is always meeting steamer faces everywhere and in danger of claiming acquaintance only on score of their familiarity. The first time I met her she actually bowed to me, but I affected to believe it a mistake on her part, and did not presume on it. Yesterday I came upon the whole party at the Tower, in the Horse Armory. The mother was patiently examining each figure, each individual weapon, with a close and detailed attention that was heart-rending, it was so suggestive of ultimate brain-fever. The father was assuring the guide with good-natured but unanswerable emphasis, that no American warrior, even had he been born in the very blackest of the dark ages, would

ever have been fool enough to cripple himself with such senselessly heavy armor. The small girl was making herself as obnoxious as usual by volunteering scraps of nursery history in a fine high key, penetrating as a whistle, and by catching at every thing within reach with curious and damaging fingers. Miss Freddie was having the best time of them all. She was paying no attention whatever to any thing except to three young men (one, of course, was Ralph), whom she had in tow, and with whom she was flirting in the prettiest and most ingenuously open manner possible. She saw me at once, and gave me a wicked little nod, but was evidently piqued that I passed by without stopping. I suppose she expected me to step up and join the party without further ceremony. I am really afraid the child will get herself into some scrape over here, with her thoughtlessness and liveliness. Europe does n't understand our American girls, and is rather disposed to take them *au grand sérieux*, which is the very last way in which one ought ever to take a little butterfly

creature like Freddie Bogart, whom nature has gifted with one of those buoyant, sunshiny dispositions that escape deep sufferings from having no deep feelings of any sort.

I have written you a long disquisition upon her and her family, but I had really not much else to write about. It is amusing to think I should have come abroad only to study my own country-people; but to see the modern American in these Old-World surroundings, is to see him in a wholly new light, which brings out reliefs and shadows that were lost before. A foreign country is something of the nature of a mirror to us, reflecting us as we appear to others, strangely unlike what we think ourselves, and thus first showing us what we really are. I confess I am frequently amazed at my discoveries in this direction.

As I wrote you, I have no plans, but am enjoying the luxury of following any whim of the moment, and of being as idle and self-indulgent as compatible with my temperament. It is rather a demoralizing life, but what can I do

better with myself at present? Time must be used up somehow for the next two years, and the playtime is harder to dispose of than the worktime.

Good-bye for the present, and believe me,

Your Affectionate Brother,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

P. S.—Any news from the death-rates of Staten Island?

VII.

SHADOWS AGAINST THE LIGHT.

LUCY RENSHAW TO FREDDIE BOGART.

MY DEAR FREDDIE:

I have been sitting for ten minutes gazing at that heading, and feeling that I had nothing more of interest to add to it. Your gay bright life lies so outside of mine, that it seems as if I could scarcely reach you even with a letter, and that if I found you and held you, I should still have nothing more to say than just that —"Dear Freddie."

But I think of you often. It is a rest to let my thoughts go out to you, and I find myself smiling unconsciously, as if I had suddenly come into the sunlight, for surely there are never any shadows where you are. Sunny-Heart I call you in my thoughts. Do you like

the name? I think you are one of those for whom life is always to go softly, and to whom those sorrows that must come will all be velvet-sheathed, so that they may not bruise you where they touch. It is not meant that all souls should be scarred with griefs. A few must be left like little undimmed lights showing through earth's storms, to teach us others what gladness is, by shining always upon us. To have a mission of happiness to the world; to have it one's duty to be glad, just as it is the duty of the bird to sing and of the flower to bloom, is not that a beautiful lot? I dare say you never think of it as a mission at all, but it is as real a one as any other, for this power of being happy and of shedding happiness about one as the sun sheds light, of discovering joy wherever it lies hidden, as the bee discovers all honey-bearing flowers, is a gift that but few possess. We who look for roses are too often wounded by the thorn in our clumsy parting of the leaves, and cry out in our impatience that no rose is there, bearing

away from the search only the remembrance of an added pain. But you—you have a talent for finding roses, and you must gather them for us all, and so help us to forget our thorns.

You see just now the thorns are pressing me closely, and I am so grave that I seem to darken life around me like a creeping shadow, and I understand all the better the world's need of bright, unclouded spirits like yours, that dispel gloom as they go only by smiling out upon it.

You will think your name at the head of my sheet has been the text for too long a homily; but if you knew how much gladder I felt merely for the memory of your dancing eyes and gay laugh and sunny face, you would forgive me the sermon. But I know it must be a bitter offence indeed that your generous sweet nature could not forgive, and mine is only the sin of having talked about you—no sin at all, you see; nor yet a virtue, since it is such a pleasure. For I love you, my Sunny-Heart.

I have nothing to tell you of myself. No

changes have come into my life since that one great change came—of loving and of being loved. The even monotony of my days flows on unbroken. I suppose there are many lives like mine—dull, gray, pulseless existences into which some great flash of joy has come and gone, leaving them outwardly unaltered, and yet never quite the same again; and you cannot think how tenderly I feel towards all such others. I seem to have grown suddenly into kinship with the whole big, suffering world, and to owe it a debt of sympathy which I long to repay. I used to think it a worn-out truism to say that suffering widened men's sympathies. But when grafted upon one's very own experience nothing seems a truism any more, but becomes a profound and amazing Belief, of which one imagines one's self the first Apostle.

Yes, Freddie, I do suffer, though it is only two years to wait, and then—but why should I hope that my father will consent then to an engagement which he so utterly opposes now? He has given no surety that he will relent at

the end of that time, while we are bound for the meantime by a promise that it is very, very hard to keep. I get so thirsty sometimes for news, that it seems as if I could no longer bear the intolerable silence. Why, we might either of us be dying, and how could the other know? It is as if death stood between us while we were yet alive. Indeed I should be nearer to him were he dead and I standing by his grave. Now I do not so much as know where he is. He might be at the world's farthest end,—he might be at my garden gate,—and I—I cannot tell. I love to think that he is near me. Had I the power would I not be always near him, even though he could not know? Should I ever willingly go far from him? I am glad that my lot is cast always in the one place, and that I never go from home as other girls do for summer visits here or there, for now at least I can never miss his thoughts. I am always here just as he must picture me, and sometimes when I am sitting so still in the library, waiting for father to give me a sheet to copy, and careful

not to stir lest the flutter of my dress annoy him, suddenly I feel a little warm glow at my heart, and it is all I can do not to leap up and throw out my arms and cry out: "Yes, love, yes, I am here. Think of me again, for my thought answers to your thought, although it is forbidden us to speak!"

I wonder often why father does not hear my thoughts. I sit so near him, and the room is so still, that it seems as if he must be deaf not to hear, and I glance up at him in alarm, almost ready to ask him to forgive. But he never makes a sign. The scratching of his pen (for even *his* pen scratches) is, I dare say, louder to him than any echoes from my heart, and dearer. This may sound harsh, but I do not mean it so. My father's work is in a sense as much his child as I am, so I am willing to hold the second place, and indeed have no right to complain. Have I not given away the first place in my own heart to another than to him?

Oh, Freddie, some weeks ago something almost happened. I was walking in the garden,

thinking as usual of the one who used to walk there with me, transforming the dullest day into a holiday, and our simple lawn into a field of the cloth of gold, just by the magic of his presence. Have you ever walked with any one whom you dearly loved? If so you will know that you can never follow the same path alone again. Forever afterward that other will seem to walk there by your side, so weaving the past and the present into one, that you will scarcely know whether you dream, or whether you only remember, or whether he is really there as you tread the familiar way with that blessed consciousness of his nearness upon you. Martha wonders that I never weary of our grounds. I may not go farther, because I must always be within call, and in olden days I found the limits narrow and chafed for a wider range. But since he and I have walked together in our garden I do not care to go beyond, for I should fancy that elsewhere I went alone.

There is one point where the path runs up a hill to peep at the road outside, as if it wished

to make sure that there was a way out into the world in case it ever wearied of our solitude. There is a rustic seat beneath the trees, and we used to go there often, he and I, to watch the sunset, and would sit there sometimes for a long time without speaking, in one of those strange, sweet silences that say so much, and that can only be between two who love. "Sunset Rock," he named the place, but in my heart I called it "Eden."

I climb the hill daily now, but only to stand near and watch the sky. I promised him I would never sit there with any one else—never sit there at all—until I went once more with him, and the promise is very precious to me, for it seems almost like a bond upon the future, compelling it to give him back to me. I was standing there this day that I am telling you of, blinding my eyes with gazing up into the sunset, that was pouring down floods of molten glory till it seemed as if the earth could not hold so much, and it were overflowing into space. I was not thinking of passers, but sud-

denly I became aware of footsteps upon the road beneath. It was strange I should have noticed them, and that, too, while they were still so far. But I turned involuntarily and glanced down the road, and I saw—oh, Freddie, I don't know now whether or not it was he, but I *thought* I saw him. The man was just his height, and had just his way of walking, and wore the same kind of hat. He was too far, and my eyes were too dazzled with the light to distinguish more, but my heart stood still for an instant, and then began beating with great, sharp, irregular throbs that seemed like actual blows from a hammer. I did not know what to do. He must already have seen me where I stood outlined in my light dress against the dark background of the trees, and if it were he, I knew he could not pass me by without a word. And there was my promise that for two whole years I would neither see him nor hold any manner of communication with him!

I felt myself growing weaker every instant. If it proved he, and I once looked upon his

face, how should I have strength left to fly? I do not yet know how I did it, Freddie, but with a desperate effort I turned abruptly without another look, and dashed down the path and over the lawn, and never stopped running till I had reached the house and flown up-stairs, and locked myself safely in my room. And there I sat I cannot say how long, my heart throbbing to bursting, and the blood beating in my temples till I felt as if my whole being were one great pulse. And all because I *thought* I saw him! It may have been he of course. Staten Island is not closed to him, but only our place, and the highway is no more ours than his. And yet he is so honorable, he would surely keep to the spirit as well as to the letter of our promise. No, I do not think it could have been he. But the man looked so like him!

I did not get over it for some time. It was a shock as if I had seen a ghost. And not to know if it were really he or not, not even to be sure about it; to think now that it was, and now that it could not have been—it completely

upset me. It was days before I ventured to go to Sunset Rock again, and then I looked down the road guiltily, half expecting to see him there still, nailed to the spot where I had fancied I saw him before. So foolish has love made me! But how doubly empty the road is, bare even of that hope! I try not to go there any more, but my feet will take me up the hill. Sometimes I wonder if my whole life is to be like this, a weary looking down a desolate road, that brings nothing but shadows to my door. Is the spell of the Lady of Shalott upon me too, and must I lay me in a barge as she did, all white and drear, and float down, down, down, through the darkness of doubt and the dread of the unknown, until I too come—too late—to my Launcelot?

Ah, my Sunny-Heart, see what need I have of you, I have wandered off so far into gloomy forebodings! If I could but remember that after all no night is really so deep as the midnight that our fancy paints! Bring me back to the starlight again at least, my darling.

Always your loving, LUCY.

VIII.

A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE TO WINDSOR.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

OH, Lucy, love, why can't I do something for you? Here am naughty I, happy as the day is long, while you, who are so lovely and good—so very much better than I—have all the sorrow. Fate has certainly got twisted. Every thing goes criss-cross. Why can't we ever straighten things out?

Dear, I love the pretty name you give me—Sunny-Heart. It is sweeter than any other I ever had; and I have had so many. Mr. Grey calls me Wild Rose. Who would ever have imagined the poor old colorless man blossoming out into any thing so romantic? But I had to play dominos with him two whole evenings before I brought him to that

pass. He always thought me harum-scarum before, and I wanted to show him how sedate and sober I could be, quite as much so as a very prim and proper young lady who has turned up in our hotel, and with whom he seemed to be growing great friends. I wanted to see if I could cut her out; and just those two games, and my insisting upon passing him his coffee with my very own hands, did it. He 's the sworn slave of the Wild Rose now, and the prim young lady does n't like me !

But my name, Sunny-Heart, is the nicest; and oh, Lucy, why can't every one preach such sermons as you do ! Instead of saying " Be good and you will be happy," you say " Be happy and you will be good." Still I am afraid to put too much faith in such a pretty creed as that, for just to be bright and happy all the time is so easy, Lucy, and, of course, a duty ought to be hard. You frighten me a little, you speak so seriously even of happiness, and call it by the great big name Mission-Work, which makes it look quite unlike itself, and I

don't think there is one drop of missionary blood in my veins. You see I am not nearly so good as you would make me out. Indeed I 'm not good at all; but I 'm glad you think the world has a little need of me, nevertheless. I always fancied that I was n't of any use, but that nature made me as a sort of sample bit, and made no more of the same pattern because there was n't any call for me. I am such a light, frivolous thing, you know. Will Hastings calls me Froth, because he says I am all sparkle and bubble. It is n't nice of him, is it? For I don't think I really am frivolous all through, Lucy. *You* don't think so, do you? It 's unkind of people to fancy that I have no deep feelings just because I can't believe that the world is all bad, and sorrowful, and hateful, and because I refuse to be miserable so long as I can find any thing to be happy over. Still you know there is n't any merit in my being happy, Lucy dear; it comes natural to me; and if I try to brighten up people, it is n't from any virtuousness, but only because I can't bear to

see long faces about me. Why, if I had a pet dog, I should want him to wag his tail steadily all day long without stopping, just to show that he was all right, though like as not half the time I should forget to give him his bones. I am so thoughtless, you see, I never can remember to think.

But, Lucy, darling, I am so pleased that you talk seriously to me. Nobody else does, and it often makes me feel badly to be treated so like a child, but *you* know that there is something in me besides all the laugh and the talk, don't you dear? and you know how I love you. There is n't any thing I would n't do for you, and oh, how I wish I could bring you not only into the starlight, as you ask, but into the glorious full sunlight! I would be willing to stay in the deepest night if only you might be outside in the gladness.

But there is n't any thing I can do except to write to you, and that seems nothing, for I love to do it. And oh, I 've so much to tell you this time! I 've had an adventure, a real story-

book adventure. I 've gotten acquainted with Mr. Duke, and, my dear, he has n't any title at all, and he is n't even an Englishman. He 's nothing but an American! But I tell him I shall always keep on calling him Mr. Duke, to take off the edge of the disappointment a little, and I think in his heart he rather likes it as a sort of tribute to his aristocratic appearance. But is n't it cruel of fate not to have made him what he seems? Think of coming way to Europe just to have an adventure with an American! But I must tell you how I met him.

We were going to Windsor for the day, and started bright and early last Thursday morning. Ralph could n't go, nor Mr. Baxter either; there were only ourselves and Mr. Grey; so I was sure it would be doleful, and tried my best to persuade Mamma to give it up. I knew there could n't be much to go to Windsor for. To see the state apartments with the Queen gone out of them is not much better than going a day's tramp to look at an empty chrysalis. I never did like cocoons.

But every thing went wrong that morning. At the last moment we had to wait to sew in a feather Julia had pulled out of her hat to dress up a cat which had strayed into our rooms, and which will never stray in there again through all of its nine lives, I imagine—that is, if animals retain any memory of their bad times. Then, after we had started, Mr. Grey found he had somebody else's overcoat by mistake, and we had to go back to change it. And then Julia declared she was hungry, which was very likely, as she would n't leave the cat and eat her breakfast, and we had to promise to get her a cake at the station; and by the time we had hunted her up one and gotten our tickets, there was n't a second's time to spare. The train was about off, and the guard was slamming to all the doors. Mamma shook her parasol at the engine to scare it into standing still; Papa began pulling open all the wrong doors in a prodigious hurry, and almost got us into a baggage wagon; Julia dropped her bun, and insisted that Mr. Grey had stepped on it on

purpose and should get her another; and I flew along the platform, peeping in at the car windows to find an empty carriage, and calling pathetically to the guards: "Oh, wait, wait! Please wait!" I think the English can't be used to having such lively times of it at the station, they all stared so. But suddenly I discovered Mr. Duke seated alone in one of the compartments. It might have been a fourth- or fifth- or sixth-class carriage for all I stopped to see; I was bound we should go in that particular compartment any way, though of course I made no sign of having seen him. So, quick as a flash, I pulled open the door and jumped in, crying to the others to follow, and lo, quick as a corresponding flash, the guard banged to the door behind me, turned the outside lock, and off went the train like a shot. This was rather more than I had bargained for, and I began to pound at the door with all my might, screaming: "Oh, let me out, let me out!" Mamma called in tones of anguish that would have drawn tears from a scalping In-

dian: "Oh, my child, my child!" Papa ran frantically along by the side, ordering everybody to open the door immediately, and the guards all cried together that he was too late and must take the next train. I 'll be bound so lively a scene has n't taken place in sober old England since the days when William the Conqueror made such a fuss in it.

At this crisis Mr. Duke sprang up, leaned over my shoulder and called out: "I 'll take care of her. You may be easy about her, sir."

Julia instantly yelled, in an ecstasy of delight: "Oh, it 's the duke, it 's the duke! Freddie's going off with the duke!" Papa stopped running, put his hands to his lips and shouted, breathlessly: "All right—Windsor—next train—meet you"—and on we went, quicker and quicker, till I could no longer see Mamma's parasol waving in agonized protest, or Julia's wild war-dance around Mr. Grey, who stood bewildered and blank as if the skies had fallen. And there I was, shut in a first-class carriage

with Mr. Duke, without my ticket, without my purse, and with not so much as a ha'penny tucked about me anywhere. I gave a little gasp and looked up at Mr. Duke and tried to laugh, but my mouth twitched and two nonsensical big tears fell on to my cheeks. "What shall I do?" I said, piteously.

"I should sit down as a preliminary," he observed. "You have a choice of seats."

"I ought n't to have," I replied, between a laugh and a sob. "I can't pay for one of them, and Papa has all the tickets."

"I 'll settle that with the guard," he answered. "Where are you going?"

"To Windsor."

"Ah! then you change at Slough?"

"Change!" I echoed, faintly. "I thought this train went direct to Windsor. Oh, I can't get off all alone at that queer place! Are you going to change too? Are n't you going to Windsor?"

Mr. Duke got up and leaned out of the window. I think the wretch was hiding a

smile. Then he came and sat down opposite me.

"You shall get safely to Windsor," he said, with a sort of "There—there—don't-cry-baby" tone that made me long to say "Goo—goo!" at him. "I 'll take you there."

I felt so relieved I could have kissed him. "Oh, will you!" I exclaimed. And then I remembered that perhaps he had been bound for Kamtchatka or some other place along the line, and I asked him, and he acknowledged that he was on his way to see a friend at Oxford, but said he would postpone the visit so as to stay with me till Papa came. Was n't it nice of him?

"What a nuisance you must think me!" I said, and he murmured something like "Oh, no," and of course wished me at the bottom of the Dead Sea all the time. He was perfectly polite, but I felt a little afraid of him, he looked so dignified and composed, and made no reference to our previous meetings, and never asked me any questions about myself. Of course

people ought not to be inquisitive, but to show no curiosity whatever about a person is pure indifference, and I don't think that 's pleasant. He seemed to feel bound to entertain me under the peculiar circumstances, and to be trying not to show how it bored him, and my replies kept getting shorter and shorter till finally I turned around on him abruptly.

"You don't like me," I said. "Why don't you?"

Almost anybody would have made some kind of remonstrative or complimentary answer in hot haste, but Mr. Duke did n't even seem to be taken aback by the question.

"Do you think so?" he replied, coolly. "I should have said our acquaintance had been rather too short to admit of personal estimates as yet. And, by the way, I am forgetting. I should have introduced myself sooner." And he began hunting for a card in his pocket-book.

"Oh, tell me, are you a duke?" I asked, eagerly.

"Better than that," he replied, laying his card gravely in my lap. "I am an American."

"Oh, I am so sorry," I said. "I hoped you were a duke at least."

"I will take pains to be one the next time I am born. I should be sorry to disappoint you twice," he answered, very soberly, but with that look in his eyes all the time of thinking me a perfectly idiotic little creature.

"Tell me," I said, right out loud, looking straight up at him, "what shall I do to make you like me better?"

I know he was amused, but he never even smiled.

"You are very good to give yourself so much trouble," he replied, quite as if I were volunteering to buy him a newspaper or something, but in such a courteous tone that I could n't be offended.

"How shall I begin?" I asked, saucily.

"Don't begin," he answered. "I hate beginnings. Plunge at once into the middle, and then you can take it for granted that you have

accomplished your aim, and so can spare yourself all the labor."

I could n't help being provoked at his nonchalance, and made a *moue* at him.

"I begin to think Julia is right, and that you are a very queer man."

"Julia?" he said, interrogatively, though he must have heard the name shouted after the child all over the deck hundreds of times when she was getting into mischief somewhere.

"My sister," I answered, tersely, and he merely bowed without a word. I wondered if he was n't ever going to allude to our having met before, for as long as he did not I could n't.

And then we reached Slough and had to change cars, and we got into a compartment where there were an old man and an old woman already, and the old woman never moved her eyes from us. I asked Mr. Duke in a whisper if he did n't think she took us for bride and groom.

"Undoubtedly," he replied, stiffly.

I thought that great fun, but he looked quite

annoyed, and treated me with such a coldly deferential manner that I don't doubt the poor old soul thought we had had an awful tiff; she said "Thank you, my dear," in a most compassionate tone when I picked up her handkerchief for her.

Upon reaching Windsor we found that the next train was n't due for an hour, and we spent the time in visiting the Memorial Chapel, where there was the cunningest little dog I ever saw, following a lady. But I liked St. George's Chapel better, for that 's where all the royal marriages take place. How hard it must have been on the poor Princess Beatrice to go there so often as bridesmaid with no prospect of going as bride! We saw all the monuments, too, and, my dear, there never was any thing so like Ralph Waterman as the statue of the poor Prince Imperial.

"Why, it 's Ralph to the life!" I exclaimed. "He ought to be buried under it when he dies, and that would be killing two birds with one stone."

"Do you make fun out of every thing?" said Mr. Duke, looking meditatively up at me where I stood on the wooden bench peering over at the tomb. I turned my back on it and looked down at him. He was much better worth looking at, I assure you.

"I am afraid I should find it difficult to make much fun out of *you*," I retorted.

He raised his provoking eyebrows. "I dare say," he responded, "though you seem to find it in much more venerable objects. Have you gazed long enough upon your friend's effigy? It is about time for the train."

"You are in a great hurry to hand me over to my lawful guardians," I said with a pout, and slapping away the hand he held out to me, I turned to jump, but my foot slipped, and I would have fallen flat if he had not caught me by both arms.

"I must n't give you back with a sprained ankle," he said, quietly, and lifted me down without more ado, as if I were a great doll. I got very red, and was as meek as Moses all the way down to the station.

The train was in sure enough, but not a sign was there anywhere of our party. Mr. Duke looked down at me with a little smile. I was all ready to cry again.

"It can't be they were left a second time," I said, petulantly. "Oh, I believe they got killed somehow getting on the train. I believe they are every one of them dead. What shall I do!"

"Fortify yourself against such a wholesale calamity by a slice of veal-and-pork pie," Mr. Duke replied promptly. "There is a man here who was born for the express purpose of compounding it, and if your overwhelming affliction allow you to feel any of the lesser pangs of humanity, I should think hunger must be gnawing at your very vitals by this time,"

"It is," I said, humbly. "I am so famished I believe even a greasy English muffin would taste good. But I have n't my purse, Mr. Duke. I shall have to put myself in your debt again."

"Not at all," he returned, looking at me very gravely, "I believe I have a sixpence to your credit in my pocket."

And then we both laughed, and I don't believe he can ever be so stiff with me again.

So he found out when the next train was due, and then we had our luncheon, Mr. Duke assuring me that my party had undoubtedly remained in London to get theirs; and then he proposed that we should return to the castle. But I begged off from any more sight-seeing. I knew it would do quite as well if I read it up in a guide-book, and I wanted to have an unalloyed good time for once, just as if we were in America. So we strolled about till time for the next train, and I got in wild spirits and did no end of ridiculous things, and it was all he could do to keep me in order. I never saw any one with such tremendously straight notions of propriety. I was on the verge of shocking him every instant.

We were at the station some little time before the train came in, for I was so afraid we might chance to miss our party, and to tell the truth I was feeling a little nervous about them too; and, my dear, just imagine my distress

when I found there was not one of them on that train either! I ran up and down, peering in all the empty cars in a perfect fever of fright and despair, until finally Mr. Duke came up and stopped me.

"There is no use looking in the racks or under the seats for them," he said. "They probably preferred to wait for you at home."

But I knew there must be some trouble somewhere, or Papa would have come for me. I could n't speak. I felt myself growing white, and I looked up at him helplessly, with the tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Why, my poor child," said Mr. Duke kindly, taking my hand and drawing it through his arm, "don't feel so badly. It will all come out right."

But it seemed so strange they should n't have come, and I felt so frightened I could n't help it. I just put my face down on Mr. Duke's arm and burst out crying. I don't know what people thought. I believe there was n't anybody around but porters and

guards, and I think I heard one of them asking Mr. Duke if he could do any thing for his lady. But at the time I did n't care who saw me, or what any one thought, though I fancy Mr. Duke minded it a good deal and was heartily sick of the whole performance. I suppose it was a rather trying situation for a young man, but he was very kind. He drew me one side as quickly as he could, and then stood still, apparently not knowing what next to do with me, and awkwardly patting the top of my hat, which by degrees he patted quite off my head on to the ground. That seemed to confound him utterly, and he gave consolation up as a bad job; but by that time I had recovered myself somewhat, and I stopped crying and lifted my head.

"Do you feel better now?" he asked, stooping for my hat. "I should think it would make your head ache awfully to cry like that, but I understand it 's supposed generally to do some mysterious good."

"It 's made my glove burst," I said, plain-

tively, as I felt a cold button glide down my arm. "And I won't cry any more, but oh, please take me home directly!"

"I can't," he answered, rather gloomily. "That is, not for half an hour yet." I know he wished he could send me back by parcel post and have done with me once for all. I was so worried and anxious I could n't say a word. I sat and watched for the train that was to take us back, and all the way to London I never spoke unless he asked some question. As we got near the city it seemed to me I could n't stand the suspense another instant, and I got up and went over to Mr. Duke, who had moved away to the other window, and sat down close by him.

"Oh, Mr. Duke," I whispered, "do you think any thing dreadful can have happened to them? Oh, I can't wait to know!"

"You foolish little child," he answered, looking round with a smile (he has a nice smile, Lucy), "don't fret any more. I am very sure that nothing has happened to anybody."

And, my dear, nothing had happened—that is, no accident. When we reached Paddington Station, there was Papa waiting for us. I flew at him and kissed him and hugged him and made as much fuss over him as if I had n't seen him for a year. And what do you think the trouble was? Why only that in their haste to follow after me, they hurried into the very first train that came along, which, instead of being the one they ought to have taken, was an express, and never stopped till it got to Reading! It was too funny, though tiresome enough at the time. Mamma took the opportunity to see Reading thoroughly while waiting for the return express, and declares it to be the one town in England *not* worth seeing.

Oh, but was n't it good to see Papa again! I introduced Mr. Duke to him at once, and it seems Papa had had business relations with his father or uncle or somebody, and knew all about him already. And I said how I owed Mr. Duke a lot of money, and papa thanked him heartily for his care of me, and Mr. Duke

answered very graciously that the debt was all on his side, as he owed me such a charming day. Then Papa invited him to dinner the next day, and he had to come, of course; and Ralph was there, and I made him too jealous for any thing by devoting myself exclusively to Mr. Duke. It was such fun to see Ralph sulky! Besides, I do want to make Mr. Duke like me. When everybody else does, I don't see why he should n't. I got him the loveliest little button-hole bouquet I could find anywhere (it 's awfully hard to get pretty flowers in London), and I tied a bit of narrow pink ribbon around it, because pink is my color, and made him wear it, though he did n't seem to care about it particularly. The fact is he can't make up his mind to approve of me. He thinks me altogether too frivolous and flirtatious. Mamma is delighted with him, and so is Papa, and Julia hates him and is leagued with Mr. Grey against him. Mr. Grey detests all young men on principle, and says he never saw but one yet who was worth the ground he stood

on. He won't say who that one was. I think it was himself.

We are to go to the Continent before long, and I have been teasing Mr. Duke to go with us. He won't, but he says he shall be likely to meet us over there somewhere. I think he only said as much as that because I persisted. I wonder why he does n't like me. I am determined that he shall. After having had such an advcnture with him, it 's a shame for him to treat me any more as if I were anybody else, is n't it? For I 'm not anybody else, I 'm just

FREDDIE BOGART.

IX.

AN INVITATION.

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

DEAR MR. DUKE:

I was so sorry to miss your call last night. We were at Madame Tussaud's, jogging elbows with waxen royalty. Julia is utterly confounded, and says Mme. Tassaud can't know much, for Henry VIII. did *not* have all his wives at the same time. Also she particularly objects to Queen Berengaria, as not at all resembling the picture in our edition of Scott. Papa was delighted with the place, and unhesitatingly pronounced it worth all the cathedrals in the world. Mr. Grey turns up his nose at it, but I tell him it 's like Green's Short History of England come to life, and is ever so much more instructive. I got several ideas

out of it last night (mainly I am afraid that all the people represented there were contemporaries, and liked each other very much indeed), while I never got the ghost of an idea out of Green's stuffy book,—except that nothing on earth would induce me to read his Long History,—if he ever wrote one.

We are going to Greenwich to-morrow,—is n't it silly to go there just to eat fish?—but we shall be back by six, and we want you to come to dinner and go with us afterward to the theatre. Mr. Watkins has got us a beautiful box, and we are to hear Irving as Romeo. Don't you dare say no.

I am so tired I can scarcely write. We have been at Hampton Court all day,—stupid place! Why anybody wants to keep all those muddy old paintings, I can't see. I did n't dare admire one of them, because there was an interrogation point after every big name on the catalogue, and it would never do to run the risk of admiring as a Titian what was perhaps nothing but a Smith or a Robinson. I like Windsor

Castle ever so much better than Hampton Court!

I 'm too sleepy to say another word. But you will surely come, won't you?

Good-night.

FREDDIE.

P. S.—Julia is *not* going to the theatre with us.

P. S. No. 2.—I send you a leaf that I stole for you from the great grape-vine to-day under the very nose of the keeper. If I am put in jail for it, you must get me out.

X.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO GEORGE ELDRIDGE.

DEAR ELDRIDGE:

As you leave it to me to appoint a day for our little bachelor dinner, I will say to-morrow. You need not answer. I will call for you any way by six.

In haste, yours,

H. D.

XI.

A REGRET.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO FREDDIE BOGART.

DEAR MISS BOGART:

I regret that, having another engagement for to-morrow, I am unable to accept your very kind invitation for the evening. I hope Irving will outdo himself in your honor, and that your trip to Greenwich will prove more satisfactory than either your Hampton Court or Windsor experiences.

Yours very truly,
HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

P. S.—If the grape-leaf get you into Old Bailey, I will petition the Queen for your release.

XII.

WHITEBAIT.

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

DEAR MR. DUKE:

It was horrid of you not to go with us last night. I believe you made up your engagement on purpose. We took Julia in your place, and she ate an ice over my new dress and spoiled it. The trip to Greenwich was a failure too. It poured, and I hate whitebait. By the way, we start next Friday for the Continent. Are n't you coming too? At least I suppose you will come to say good-bye.

Yours respectfully,

"MISS BOGART."

XIII.

AU REVOIR.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO FREDDIE BOGART.

DEAR MISS FREDDIE:

My plans do not point towards the Continent at present, but of course I shall come to say good-bye, and to-night if possible. So *au revoir.*

Sincerely yours,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

XIV.

"WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?"

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

DEAR MR. DUKE:

I can't remember whether it was you or Mr. Watkins that I promised to write to from Germany. If it was n't you, you need n't read the letter. Any way, here we are, and considerably more dead than alive. I hope you miss us a little, for I missed you awfully, in proof whereof I send you a lock of hair, though I don't remember when you asked for it. If you don't want it, you may return it to the "Frankfurter Hof, Frankfurt," where we go to-morrow, and expect to spend a week getting served up. We are every one of us coming to pieces. Belgium finished up Julia, and Holland and Denmark did for me, and now innocent little Weimar has

managed to tear the last flounce off Mamma's last dress. Papa says he shall wait to be renovated till he can lay hold of an American tailor. He does n't believe any other nation knows how to so much as fit a coat-lining. The fact is, poor Papa is mortally homesick already, and can't see any good in any thing European. He heaves deep sighs when he thinks no one is noticing him, and has a settled yearning for succotash and apple pie. He says: "No, certainly not," in a very injured tone over half the dishes at the *table-d'hôte*, as if he could n't be expected to find alleviation in such offerings, and invariably asks some one of the waiters each day if pumpkins are n't grown anywhere around the country here. He insists that he shall have to go home when the oyster season comes; but Mamma looks at him mildly, and says she does n't think we shall be ready by then.

Oh, such times as we have had with the languages! I am persuaded that the Tower of Babel is meant as a covert allusion to Europe, which is one vast "confusion of tongues" from

beginning to end. I help the party along all I can in French, and Mamma makes a try at German, and Julia joins in with a little of every thing, like a mayonnaise sauce to a linguistic salad, and Papa shakes his dear old head hopelessly, and can never be made to understand why everybody does n't learn English, when it 's so much the easiest language.

I am glad enough that we are going to stop for a breathing spell at last. I am completely tired out. I have spent the past fortnight trying to persuade Mamma that I have a sprained ankle and must n't walk, but she caught me waltzing with Ralph on the sly in one of the picture-galleries, when there was n't anybody around—such a nice gallery! all the floors were waxed,—and I can't get her to believe in the sprain now. Oh, dear! When I make the world over, I shall certainly leave out Europe altogether.

I suppose you are still in dirty old London. Are n't you nearly smoked out yet? Of course you 'll come to Frankfort if once you cross the

Channel. Frankfort is the gate to everywhere, I believe, excepting to Paradise. *That* gate is n't in Europe at all

You see I 'm cross to-night; but I 'm *so* tired trying to see what is in things that makes "sights" out of them. Mamma says it 's mostly association. Association with dead men, I suppose. But association with live men is so much nicer!

I dare say I am shocking you by my levity, and as I 'm not sure that it is you to whom I was to write, I must n't make my letter too long. So, good-bye. And please don't quite forget this poor little done-to-death waif,

FREDDIE.

P. S.—The lock of hair is from Julia's doll.

XV.

IN IT, BUT NOT YET OF IT.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO HIS SISTER.

MY DEAR SUE:

IT *is* a long time since I have written. *Restons là.* I am not a woman, that I need make a letterful of excuses. I plead guilty, and throw myself on the mercy of the court.

As you see, I am in Frankfort, *en route* for Switzerland. Grimy old London, with its smoke, its soot, its fogs, and its impertinent smudges, is lost to sight and to memory dear, for though I now have a permanently clean face, and no longer eat stale bread with my Sunday-morning's coffee, while my linen is gradually losing that tint of unearthly gray which is the distinguishing mark of the London laundries, nevertheless London is and always

will be my first and only love among the European cities. It is nobly and generously built for steady, practical every-day use, and is as comfortable to live in as a pair of old shoes. Now that I have left it I feel as if I had risen from my easy chair and put off my slippers. Still there is much on the Continent which it is well not to miss. To begin with, there is the Bogart family. I may see Europe many times before I die, but I can certainly never see the Bogart family on their first trip abroad again. I realize that this is the opportunity of my lifetime.

You know the Bogarts by name already. I introduced you to them, I remember, in my last letter,—wrote you an essay upon them, indeed, which, I think I may say without conceit, evinced profound research and an almost superhuman insight into cause and effect. Darwin's treatise on earthworms is shallow in comparison.

As you may recall, I had sought no personal acquaintance with the Bogarts, preferring to

make my erudite observations as an unbiased outsider. But fate decreed otherwise.

We met,—Miss Freddie and I. 'T was in a railway train. I was bound for Oxford, and my ticket was in my pocket. Her ticket was in her Papa's pocket, and she was bound for Windsor. By a coincidence so marvellous that suspicion of foul play must perforce attach to it, we were in the same compartment; and by the adverse circumstance of the train's starting on time, the rest of the young lady's friends remained on the platform of the station. Miss Freddie was thus unavoidably thrown upon my knightly protection, and in my relief at having escaped the company of the redoubtable small sister,—Judy her name is, or ought to be, since to know her is to desire to Punch her,—I thankfully assumed the responsibility; and, left to themselves, the remainder of her misguided family, under the singular impression that they were following after us, immediately embarked on a through train for Reading. As to ourselves Miss Freddie, without loss of time, proceeded

to practise upon my humble self those noble arts of which she is such a skilled mistress, and to her displeased surprise I withstood her attacks unflinching, while availing myself of the opportunity to study her afresh.

She is prettier than I thought at first, or is, perhaps one of those girls who look prettier than they really are, with their round, soft, bewitching faces. Her hair is short and thick like a doll's, and rings closely all about her face, making her rather noticeable from its odd contrast with her fair skin. Her features, too, are all good, unless it be her forehead, which is so concealed with her tumbling curls, that one may fancy it ugly or beautiful as one chooses, while she has a way of bending her head sideways and forwards as she speaks, that brings it so near it is quite a temptation to lift the hair out of the way with one's fingers and judge for one's self. But her chief charm is in her eyes, which are uncommonly wide apart and really quite perfect in shape and color. She says whatever folly comes uppermost, but as she

says it she looks at you, and because she looks at you, you forgive her. It is impossible to harbor resentment against a pair of such saucy, daring, dancing, changing, roguish eyes as hers. Tears come to them, too, as easily as smiles, but are no less becoming, for they are only child's tears,—big, shining, April-shower drops, which are not even the most distantly related to the disfiguring, swollen-lidded grief of heavy hearts. The sorrow that leaves no trace beyond an added lustre, is never any thing but a fair-weather storm, you may be sure.

In this romantic fashion was I launched upon my acquaintance with the Bogarts. The rôle of knight-errant to a young lady with whom I had never hitherto exchanged a syllable, is a rather unusual one, but Miss Freddie accepted me as guardian angel in childlike confidence, and with no more misgivings than had she known me from infancy. She was sadly worried, poor little thing, when her party failed to appear at Windsor at all, but worried only for them, not for herself. She felt perfectly safe

under my care, and found the situation, apart from the passing anxiety, apparently not at all to her distaste, even though I disappointed her greatly by turning out to be an American. It seems she had guilelessly imagined me to be a duke, though why she should mistake me for an Englishman at all, I can't tell, unless it be from my fashion of wearing my whiskers. But as she insists in never addressing me otherwise than as "Mr. Duke," there is serious danger that I may end by doubting my identity.

Since the Windsor episode, Mr. and Mrs. Bogart have, metaphorically speaking, taken me to their hearts. Mr. Bogart knew Uncle Sim in a business way, it seems, and fancies the good old gentleman bequeathed me all his virtues. There are no credentials for a man like high-toned ancestors. Mrs. Bogart has imparted her general plan of travel to me. It is widely and loosely drawn, including all of Europe, the most of Africa, and a good part of Asia. The fever for travel is upon her and runs high,—may run dangerously so. Her

condition is a curious pathological study, and in a scientific point of view alone would justify a journey here from London. Indeed, when I reached this point on my way to Switzerland, I could not resist stopping awhile to see how the poor woman was getting along on the Continent. Heaven only knows how she manages it. But for her indomitable will, I believe she would have succumbed long since to the unimaginable tortures of sight-seeing in Germany. Her conscientious and fearful struggle with linguistic difficulties is something marvellous and pathetic. How she ever got her party here safely, I can't conceive. It must have been a special Providence that kept them from bringing up in Siberia. But here they are, with a Mr. Grey, a Mr. Baxter, and the inevitable Ralph, all in attendance. Unlike the proverbial rolling stone which gathers no moss, the more the Bogart family rolls, the more moss it accumulates (masculine moss always), and the more incapable the accumulations become of any thing but of holding fast. A few

months hence the party will be comparable to nothing but a swarm of buzzing bees, with Miss Freddie as queen. Mr. Grey looks upon these buzzing accessories with intense disgust. He accounts for his own presence among them very plausibly by giving out that he has gravitated to the party purely from affection for Mr. Bogart, and congeniality of taste with Mrs. Bogart, having an inordinate love for cathedrals, and an insane attachment to museums; but in his case as with the others, the real loadstar is always Miss Freddie. She teases him, snubs him, mocks him, and charms him by turn. He is leading a wretched existence on account of her, but labors under the delusion that he is enjoying himself, and that she is really fond of him. So she is, after her fashion. She will spend ten whole minutes in coaxing the poor old man into good humor in the morning before her younger slaves have appeared, and will desert him remorselessly for the entire rest of the day as soon as they arrive upon the scene. He has a particular aversion

to each of the young fellows in her wake, and makes misanthropic remarks about them to whomever stands nearest. Ralph, who is the most inoffensive of the lot, he dislikes the most aggressively, adducing for reason that Ralph wears low shoes.

"Imagine going over Europe dressed like that!" says Mr. Grey, with a snort, whenever Ralph's feet come within range of vision. "What kind of impression can the Old World get of a country that permits its young men to wear low shoes and red stockings—yes, sir, *red silk* stockings? It is enough to degrade all America in the eyes of sensible nations when our young men make such fools of themselves."

"We will leave it to our ladies to redeem us in the world's eyes, Mr. Grey," I said to the irate old gentleman one day when Ralph's stockings chanced to be of a particularly exasperating hue. "Europe will forgive us a good deal for their sake."

Mr. Grey's eyes rested on Miss Freddie with a softened look in their cynical old depths.

"Yes," he answered, with a sigh; "it will, of course. Europe could pardon a greal deal of folly for the ladies' sake—a very great deal."

The especial lady towards whom the sigh was directed, was engaged in pinning a flaring yellow flower, ingeniously manufactured out of a playbill, in Ralph's button-hole, throwing defiant little glances off at me as she did so, and looking back over her shoulder at two other young men who were entreating to be similarly decorated. She was laughing merrily, her bright eyes were shining with mischief, her loose hair was tossing on her forehead with every motion of her saucy head. It was a pretty scene enough, even though it indecorously took place in the cathedral. Mrs. Bogart was far ahead in her explorations. She begins always with the right-hand side from the door where she enters, and does the walls first. Mr. Bogart, who lets one glance up the nave suffice for him, stood by looking on in placid enjoyment.

"Eh, Ralph, my boy, you look showy enough

now to be a prince," he remarked, poking him affectionately in the back with his cane. "At home a man must amount to something before he 's anybody in particular. He must have land enough to swing a cat in, or enough gold in his trowsers' pockets to hold him to the sidewalk in an east wind, or at least a dash of brains about him, if nothing else; but I 'm told it does n't take more than a bit of rag on the coat to set a man up over here, and, so far as I can see, a scrap of gay paper is all as good."

"Better—at least when Freddie gives it," answered Ralph, gallantly.

"Pish, what nonsense those half-grown idiots talk!" growled Mr. Grey, turning away contemptuously. "Modern young men seem to come into the world without any brains whatever, and to spend their entire lives learning not how to get them, but how easiest to do without them."

"All but Mr. Duke," said Freddie's soft, laughing voice behind us,—she has a really charming voice. "He came into the world

doubly freighted, and that is why he finds it so hard to make allowance for us others who have none."

Of course I immediately returned, as in duty bound, that I was so far from thinking her hollow-headed, that, etc., etc. I may even have lied a little in my expression of extravagant regard for her intellectual powers. One can't always confine one's self to the narrow limits of the truth.

"I know," she rejoined, giving me a quick, serious glance that seemed trying to divine my real estimate of her under the flood of polite banter. "You don't think I am quite without brains. You only think I make the worst possible use of those I have, or that I simply make no use of them at all. Is n't that it?"

She stopped short, frowning a little, her eyebrows drawn together and her blue eyes darkening in that way they have. It was impossible not to smile down at her pretty, piquant face, and encouraged by the smile, the faint cloud instantly vanished from it.

"Is n't it a great deal better to be happy than to be wise?" she murmured, coming so close that she had to bend her head way down in order to look up at me around the brim of her big hat. (By the way, what sorcerers those enormous straw things are. They would idealize any face.) "You may be as wise as ever you choose, Mr. Duke, but I—I care only to be happy, but very happy, you understand, very, very happy!"

And then all the roguishness came back, and in an instant she had slipped away, and was flirting desperately with her father and Mr. Baxter together. Her mother, meanwhile, had proceeded seriously and methodically on her way, had made the tour of the walls, done all the centres, and walked down backwards looking up at the roof, and by the time we left the building there was not a nook or cranny in it which had failed to come under her inspection. Had the cathedral been one of the world's masterpieces, she could not have devoted more time and study to its minutest details. She is

literally seeing Europe by inches. Freddie, from the moment she entered, made no pretence of looking at any thing, nor did her cavaliers, whose attention she rightly claimed as being herself the prettiest object there, and Mr. Bogart soon seated himself on a chair by the door, patiently waiting for his wife, and beating the pavement with his foot as an accompaniment to the faint and rather tuneless whistle of Yankee Doodle, wherewith he beguiled the time. The obnoxious small child, chained to her mother's side by the judicious gift of a sugar-plum at fitful seasons, was distinctly audible from every point of their pilgrims' progress, firing infantile questions at the priestly conductor like a continuous discharge of fine bird-shot, and never pausing a moment for his reply.

"Is that real silk that doll's dress is made of? What makes it look so like coarse cotton? Why don't you get a real beauty doll for the centre table, one that can dance when she 's wound up? Don't you take a cold in your

head where your hair is shaved off? Who makes up all that you 're telling us?" etc., etc., *ad nauseam.* She is the very worst child, without exception, that I ever saw, and is daily increasing in badness. Believe me, it will mark a high advance in civilization, when to our reformatories for the poor we add one for the spoiled infants of the rich, and pass a law compelling *all* children, whatever their dispositions, to be confined there from the third to the twelfth year of their lives.

Mrs. Bogart appealed to me the other evening when we were sitting together at the Palmen Garten listening to the music, to know whether I thought her daughters were benefiting by the tour. Without hesitation I boldly affirmed her youngest to be already beyond improvement. Ambiguous propositions are always safe. The mother looked complimented.

"And, Freddie," she went on, anxiously, "don't you think she begins to look a little more seriously at things now? Don't you think she feels that she ought to improve herself a little?"

"She is certainly improving the occasion to learn all the Dutch she can," said Mr. Bogart, with a highly amused wink across at his elder daughter, who, having made the acquaintance of a German officer through some mutual friend (at least I hope that was the way she did it), was wheedling the very soul out of his body under wicked pretence of practising German with him. "*Ich liebe die Blumen und Alles was jung und schön ist.*" I heard her repeating after him at his bidding in her soft pretty drawl: "*Ich liebe Alles was lieblich ist.*" Her eyes were dangerously bright and dark as she leaned toward him.

"'One more unfortunate weary of breath,' etc," I could not help muttering, as Mr. Bogart carried his wink over from Freddie to me.

"She does n't mean any harm, you know," said Mrs. Bogart, deprecatingly, her eyes following mine. "It is all play with her; nothing more."

It is not play with the young dragoon, however. He takes life quite seriously enough for

two, poor fellow, in true Teutonic fashion, and he was hopelessly smitten from the first. And Freddie will continue to smile on him till she leaves; she won't let him go till she has had all the fun she can out of him; and then will follow a period of blank despair for him, when he will take to reading "Werther," and wish he had never been born. Just at present he is in the Seventh Heaven of love and delight, for, judging Freddie as he would a German *Mädchen* in similar circumstances, he can but believe that she cares for him, and he has ecstatic visions of an approaching betrothal between him and the sweetest girl that fate has ever thrown before his bewildered blue eyes, and thinks with a glow at his heart of how the friendly Herr Papa will call him his "*leiber Sohn*," and will hasten to prove the fervor of his esteem by paying off all outlying small debts at once and forever. He enjoys his dream now, but there is certainly a *mauvais quart d' heure* in store for that innocent young fellow whose heart beats so confidently against his brilliant uniform to-night.

Do tell me, of what stuff are girls made, that they can take positive delight in so torturing their fellow creatures? Thank heaven, all women are not like Freddie Bogart. She is not worth my Lucy's little finger, and yet she will win men's hearts by the dozen, where Lucy, in all the course of her sweet, true life, will probably never have won but mine. It angers me beyond endurance to see these little light, vain creatures trifling with the very deepest feelings of a man's nature, and leading him on step by step, until in a moment of mad passion he flings his all at the feet of his beloved, only to discover that she has nothing for him in return. And if it were one man only,—but think of the many, many men whom one such girl deceives, counting her victims as fairly won as so many trophies taken in battle, and glorying openly in what should be her sorrow. She seems so innocent with it all, so guileless and frank: there is no scheming, no plot: it is only her harmless way with every one, that every one of course understands, the mother thinks;

while to the father's proud eyes it is only natural enough that every man who sees the pretty thing should desire her for his own. But oh, the harm that these flirty little creatures work! and infinitely the more because through it all one suspects them of no evil intent, and knows that it is really and truly only "play" with them from first to last. A flirt, by the way, is often likened to a cat playing with a mouse, but there is this vital difference between the two games, that the cat has an honest intention of making her meal on the mouse in the end, while the flirt has no ultimate use whatever for her mouse,—except to leave it dead.

I regret more and more that I am not a Henry James. If I were, I should certainly write up Freddie Bogart well. She is a native product of American soil, and as such requires showing up to these ignorant foreign countries that don't quite know how to take her. If I meet the Bogart family again, as is likely, since their all-embracing line of travel must include Switzerland, I shall feel sorely tempted to give

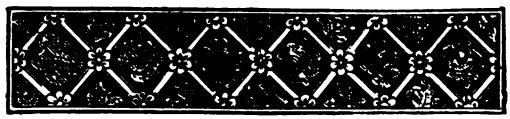
this naughty little girl a good talking too. She knows already that I thoroughly disapprove of her, for she is gifted with quick perceptions, and has that sweet-tempered inclination to gratify everybody, which leads a woman to feel instinctively where she has failed to do so. Not but what I acknowledge that *au fond* she has many charming qualities, which under favoring circumstances might develop her into a really lovable woman. She may have latent capabilities for becoming a saint incarnate,—*quien sabe ?*—but at present she is nothing more nor less than an outrageous little flirt.

But I am *not* the paid chronicler of the Bogarts, however you may disbelieve the statement, and I have at last come to the end of my say, as I doubt not long since of your patience. You see my fondness for character study is not waning with time. One valuable piece of advice I give you as the grand sum total of the foregoing observations. *Never* come for a first trip abroad. Come for the second trip if you must, but skip the first one altogether. An-

other bit of advice and I have done. When you come to Europe for the children's sake, be sure that you leave the children behind.

Ever your affectionate Brother,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.



XVI.

HALF CAUGHT.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

I HAVE so much to tell you, Lucy dear, that I don't know where to begin. We have been zigzagging back and forth over the North of Europe till my geography is dizzy, and I no longer remember whether Belgium is in Copenhagen or in Saxony, or whether it was at the North Cape that we bought our Bohemian glass, or whether we went to the North Cape at all. It is borne in upon me that we did n't, but that we propose to go there later—say from Moscow or from the Cape of Good Hope.

One thing I feel sure of. That is, that we have seen Cologne, and that we have seen it a good deal. It strikes me that we have been going there continuously ever since we came on

the Continent, in order to take a fresh start from there for some other place, and I retain two vivid impressions of it—first, that all the railroads in the universe centre there, and secondly that its landlord speaks English. I have a third vague impression that it has a cathedral, but I won't be certain. It does n't do to litter up one's brains remembering all the cathedrals.

I have just read this last sentence aloud to Mr. Grey, who is sitting here perusing a fearfully abstruse article in a scientific journal of the deepest dye. I wrote it for his benefit, and it has sent him nearly frantic. He always takes things literally.

"My dear child," he says, with sorrowful earnestness, "if you could but clear out your brains of every thing except cathedrals, you would do well."

I assure him that I will try, but that as *he* is not a cathedral, I shall be obliged to clear him out with the rest. He had forgotten that, and is not so anxious now for me to begin.

He has been with us on all our blundering,

breathless, brain-feverish scamper, and has got so in the habit of being with us, that I doubt if any thing but death part him and me. He and Mamma have done every thing thoroughly; and Papa and I have shirked all we could; and Julia has learnt to say "I won't" in Dutch, and "I sha'n't" in Danish, and is now practising on "I will do exactly as I please" in German. She is much more accomplished than I am, though to please Mamma, who complains that I am wasting all my opportunities, I have been studying German too. My master is the very handsomest young officer in the very loveliest blue uniform you ever saw. It is an economical way of studying, for I get my lessons for nothing, and good long lessons at that, though as my instructor does not seem able to teach me to say "*ich liebe*," I have skipped it, and gone on successfully to "*er liebt*."

It was at Frankfort that I began my lessons. I like Frankfort. And who do you think was there? Mr. Duke. He was on his way to Switzerland, and stopped at Frankfort, for

business reasons, he said. I never knew any one take such pains to prevent my thinking he did any thing or went anywhere on *my* account. I was ever so glad to see him again, for though Ralph and Mr. Baxter are very nice, one likes always to see new people, don't you think so? And Mr. Duke is such a pleasant change from everybody, he is so different from any one I know. He was very stingy with his valuable company, however, and we should have seen scarcely any thing of him if he had n't been staying in our hotel. I told Julia, on general principles, if she ever met him in the halls, to tell him I wished to speak with him, and she used to waylay him purposely because it plagued him. He can't abide her, poor little thing, though she really is n't *all* bad, and she 's the brightest child that ever was. I got him to go sight-seeing with us one day, but he would n't go again, and I did n't want him to, for he had a most provoking way of being with our party and yet entirely distinct from it, and seemed to be taking mental notes of us all the time. I

asked him suddenly one day if he had classified me yet. No matter what you ask him, however, he is never an atom surprised at the question.

"Oh yes," he replied, tranquilly, "I had you not only classified but duly ticketed and labelled some time ago."

And for all my begging and teasing he would not tell me how. I wish he would n't be so aggravating.

I thought we should never see him again after leaving Frankfort, he was so stiff and poky, and would n't promise to meet us anywhere, though he was going to Switzerland himself. I don't see why he should n't have come on with us, but he never gives any reason for not doing what you want him to. He merely makes up his mind as to what he wants to do, and does it, but in such a gentlemanly, dignified way that you can't resent it, whatever it is.

But he was horrid that last night at Frankfort. He talked with mamma and papa and

Mr. Grey all the evening, and was perfectly pleasant if I spoke to him, but made no effort to get me to talk to him, and did n't seem to notice when I devoted myself to Ralph and Mr. Baxter, which I made a tremendous show of doing, just to irritate him if I could. Ralph had to rejoin his party the next day for a few weeks, and was feeling pretty badly about leaving us. So I was as nice and kind to him as I could be, and told him how I should miss him, and gave him a ribbon that I had been wearing, because just then Mr. Duke chanced to look my way. And then Ralph went off, and I stepped out on the balcony to call down good-night to him as he passed by outside. I stayed there afterwards to see if Mr. Duke would n't come out to talk to me when he knew I was all alone. But not he. He stayed quietly enough where he was; and papa had gotten hold of Mr. Baxter, and was joking him about some stocks that had gone down or up, or stayed in the middle, or something, and they all of them seemed to be having the liveliest

time that ever was, and I felt so vexed at their not missing me that I would n't go back to them. Finally some one got up from his chair and came towards the balcony. I thought it was Mr. Duke, so I walked way off to the farther end and stood with my back turned, humming to myself and making believe I did n't hear any one coming till he spoke. And, my dear, it was nobody but stupid old Mr. Grey, bringing me out a shawl, as if I wanted a shawl on a night so hot that it had taken all the curl out of my hair. I was awfully cross about it, I am afraid, and the poor man soon retreated, and after a while he and papa and Mr. Baxter went off to the reading-room. And still Mr. Duke talked on with Mamma, and never missed me a bit. I could n't help feeling hurt, when I knew we might never see each other again, and I cried a little all to myself out there in the dark, and it seemed hard that nobody came to comfort me.

At last I heard him get up and say good-bye to Mamma, and hope she would have a pleasant

journey, and all the rest of those insipid stereotyped wishes that people tack on to you when you leave them, much as the landlord claps his useless labels all over your luggage when you go. And then at the very end he seemed to recollect me.

"Where is Miss Bogart?" he said. "I should be sorry not to bid her good-bye."

I peeped and saw him looking around the room as if he had just discovered that I was not there. I was so indignant I vowed to myself nothing should induce me to go in, and I stood where I was, close by the window, but well hidden behind the curtain. Mamma said I must have gone down-stairs with Papa, or that perhaps I was in my room, and I never spoke, and let her go off to look for me. Then I relented a very little.

"Good-bye, Mr. Duke," I called out through the curtain as indifferently as I could. "*Bon voyage* to you."

"Oh, are you there?" he said, no more surprised than had he known it all along, and he

came to the window, and suddenly drew the curtain quite aside, so that I stood before him in the full blaze of the light. Of course he saw the tears on my cheeks, and I was so provoked at that, that some more came, and I turned away and could.n't say a word.

"What is it?" he asked. "What has happened so very sorrowful that you have come out here all alone to cry over it?"

He had taken my hand to say good-bye, but his tone was so cool and uncaring that I pulled my hand right out of his with an angry little jerk. He did not attempt to keep it.

"What is it?" he repeated in the same tone. "Can I do any thing for you before I go?"

"Yes," I replied, turning toward him, "you can tell me why it is you don't like me. What have I done, Mr. Duke, that you should act so hatefully to me?"

I am sure I succeeded in surprising him at last. For once in his life he seemed uncertain what to say.

"I really don't know what you mean, Miss Freddie," he answered at last. "I do like you."

"No, you don't," I insisted. "You think me frivolous, and heartless, and childish. You treat me as if I were not worth talking to. You take all the pains you can to show me all the time how little you think of me. I have tried my best to make you like me, and you won't. Why won't you?"

"Why do you wish me to like you," he said, with a short, peculiar laugh. "What possible need can so universally courted a young lady as yourself have of the liking of one man more or less?"

I looked right up at him. I did n't care whether he saw the tears or not. I was n't flirting a bit just then, Lucy. I felt hurt through and through, and I never answered a word.

And then Mamma came into the parlor to say she could n't find me, and Mr. Duke stepped inside to explain how it was, and she came back with him to where I stood. I

never moved. It seemed cruel that he should go away like that without any thing else being said. I think perhaps he felt sorry too, for he lingered an instant without speaking.

"Good-bye, Miss Freddie," he said then, but in a grave, kind way, very different from his tone a moment before.

He held out his hand, but I would not take it. I would not look at him again.

"Good-bye," I said, as coldly as I could, and leaving him to finish his farewells to Mamma, I passed by him and ran off to my own room, where I had a downright good cry after I got to bed, and told myself a hundred times over that I *hated* him as hard as ever I could.

We started at an unearthly hour the next morning for Carlsruhe. I never saw a place so fitly named. The very houses all looked sleepy, and blinked at us with half-shut windows as we passed, and occasionally a door would partly open and then swing lazily to again as if it had dropped off to sleep in the very act of yawning. I saw some nice-looking officers in the streets,

but nothing and nobody else seemed awake. Then Mamma, who was very fresh after her week's rest, insisted upon going to the Black Forest from there, and days and days followed of endless drives up and down steep hills and crooked valleys, behind lazy old horses whose maddest pace was a jog-trot, and whose drivers were warranted not to urge them to it. The Black Forest *is* pretty though, and has no museums or churches to speak of, which is even more to its credit than its scenery; and I never saw such a queer lot of bow-legged, oddly-dressed, antediluvian men and women as those we used to meet on the roads. They were always old; even the children seemed to be only old persons boiled down and dished up smaller. You would like it immensely, for it is a real fairy-land, except that the fairy-prince is unaccountably left out of it; and I should have liked it too, only, to tell the truth, I was in a hurry to get to Switzerland in case we should meet Mr. Duke there somewhere. I wanted to make it up with him again. I can't bear people to be vexed with me.

After we had done the Black Forest, Mamma was possessed to go to Nurembourg and to Munich, but I peeped in the guide-book and saw that it described Munich as an uncommonly interesting place that would well repay a three weeks' visit, and I knew that would n't do at all. So I made a great smear of ink across the line where it said that, by accidentally dropping my pen on it, and I got Mr. Grey to tell Mamma how much more important it was to go to Switzerland. I was wild to get to Lucerne, for that was where Mr. Duke had said he was going, but it seemed to me we went everywhere first. I don't remember much about any place but Bâle, where we spent the night, according to my recollection, in the very middle of the Rhine. The river was rushing, rushing, rushing all night, green and swollen, right under our windows, and kept mingling itself most unpleasantly in my dreams. At one time it was Ralph, who was running away with me just as hard as he could; and then it was Mr. Duke, who was hurrying by without ever

looking back at me once; and then it was I myself, who was tearing after them all at the top of my speed, and never getting nearer any of them. Mamma said it was grand to have the majestic old flood pouring its historic waters at our very feet; but the waters were as dirty as they were historic, and it made me sea-sick to look at them, they spun by so, with nasty logs and things floating on them instead of the legendary mermaids.

Then Mamma tore off at a tangent to see Berne and Thun,—all out of our road,—and would insist upon going way back again to Zurich. I found Mr. Duke's name on the hotel books at Zurich, and it seemed he had passed through only the day before, on his way to Lucerne. That made me more anxious than ever to get off, and Zurich was too stupid for belief. There was n't a soul we knew there, and after one has seen a view once there is no good staying on just to keep looking at it forever, is there? But what must Julia do but take that time of all others to fall ill. It was n't

the poor child's fault, of course (though she would eat so many bon-bons and green plums on the way there from Thun), still, from whatever cause, she was ill ; she really is *not* nice at such times. But there was no help for it ; so I just sat on my trunk and waited for her to get well as patiently as I could, and told her no end of fairy stories to put her in good humor and make her think she was better. However, as she obeyed no single order of the doctor's, except to show him her tongue, which she ran out at him with a fearful grimace whenever he ventured near her, it of course took longer to cure her. Indeed I think we should have been there still, but at last the doctor could n't stand her any more and prescribed change of air for her. Accordingly I got off my trunk and we came to Lucerne, and as soon as Julia found that she was to be forbidden candy while she was ill, she got well.

When we reached here, you may imagine that I kept my eyes pretty well open for Mr. Duke. I made no objection to going at once

to see the forlorn old Lion dying away dismally up in the rock, and I trotted cheerfully through both the famous covered bridges that are so covered one can't see any thing, and where the Dance of Death has been quite danced out by this time, till there is n't more than a skeleton or two of it left, and those few look exceedingly done up and badly in need of an anatomist. But we did n't meet Mr. Duke at any of the shows, or anywhere in the streets. His name was not down on our hotel list, and I did not like to ask Papa out and out to look for it at any of the other hotels, for when I hinted at it once, Mr. Grey glanced up very sharply, and asked if I expected that low-shod fellow (meaning Ralph) to turn up here too, or for what other half-brained youth I was on the look-out. I was so put out with him that I would n't see he was waiting for the honey, and gave all the rest of it to Julia, and nearly made her ill again. Mr. Grey was suspicious after that, and kept proposing all-day excursions one after another to get us away from Lucerne, until finally

nothing would do for him but that we should go up the Rigi to see the sun rise. I made a rapid calculation, and told him that if he had seen the sun rise only ten times a year, he must have seen it rise nearly six hundred times already, and I should think that was often enough. Papa laughed, but scowled at me too, and it was naughty of me I admit, for Mr. Grey does n't like his age alluded to ; but I immediately made amends by sewing up a little rip in one of his gloves, and took the opportunity to sew up the thumb too, so that he could n't for the life of him get into it, and thought the thing bewitched. Mamma did n't approve of my added bit of mischief, and instantly said we should go up the Rigi that very afternoon since Mr. Grey wished it. I could n't bear to go, for I felt sure we should somehow miss Mr. Duke by going, and I spent the entire time of our ascent in alternately teasing Mr. Grey to the extreme limits of his endurance, and making it up with him again ; and when we got to the top I was so tired and so cross

that I would n't sit up for the sunset or supper or any thing, but went straight to bed.

By the next morning, however, when the early call came, I had slept myself quite out of my sulks, and was ashamed enough of having been so horrid all on account of a man who was n't nice to me, and whom I should probably never see again any way, and I resolved to atone for my freakishness by being as sweet as sugar to everybody. I began with Julia on the spot, but she was only half awake and crosser than any thing human, and I was very glad to hand her over to Papa when we went outside with the crowd to pay our respects to King Sol. It was a glorious morning, and clear as could be, but blowing fearfully. Papa took Julia in his arms, or she would have been blown down into Lake Lucerne without loss of time, and Mr. Grey held on to Mamma on the principle that union is strength, for being about as thin and small as she is, he is of indifferent value as ballast. As for me, I clung to Papa for dear life, and disgraced myself forever by turning my back

completely on the view in order to look at the people, for as we were standing outside everybody on the very edge of the terrace, I could n't see both; and, oh, Lucy, you never saw any thing so ridiculous in your life! Upon my word, I wonder the sun did n't decline to rise on such a looking crowd. An elaborate toilette is hardly to be expected when one is hurried temporarily out of bed at four o'clock of a chilly morning; still vanity must be at a painfully low ebb before people can consent to make such guys of themselves. One fat girl had exchanged clothes with her thin sister in her haste, to the dire confusion of both, but particularly of the fat one. And there was a man with his wife's stocking round his neck in lieu of a comforter; and a woman who had her dress on inside out and could n't make out why the hooks would n't work; and there were so many people who had wrapped themselves up in blankets as supplements to hasty and inadequate toilettes, that at the first glance around it really seemed as if nearly everybody were in bed. And to see

them all struggling against the wind and trying to hold themselves together, nobody thinking how he looked himself, and making desperate fun of everybody else,—oh, dear me! it was worth all the sunrises that ever were. I believe this especial sunrise was very grand. I know everybody called it a wonderful success, as if it were surprising that the sun should have learned how to get up in the mornings, after having practised it steadily ever since there was a world to get up in. But the greatest success of all was the wind. There was a perfect gale blowing, and it just worked its will with the crowd. It tore off hats and betrayed uncombed and scanty tresses; it misplaced wigs on pates never heretofore suspected of being bald; it revealed a universality of curl-papers and crimping pins that must have forever shaken the men's faith in natural waves; it blew up blankets and disclosed large and unexpected areas of white linen in place of the usual broadcloth or cashmere; it shrieked, it yelled, it whistled, it screamed, it roared in

unholy and increasing delight. It was positively uncanny. It seemed as if somebody we did n't any of us know or see were making game of all of us, and having a tremendously funny time all by himself at our expense. Suddenly a voice, apparently right out of the wind, said directly in my ear:

"You would n't shake hands in good-bye. Will you do so now in welcome?"

And there at my side stood Mr. Duke, as carefully attired, down to the least detail, as had he been hours at his toilette.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Mr. Duke! Why, you must have gone to bed all dressed!"

And just then, before I had time to shake hands, a terrific gust of wind came up and took furious hold of my big hat, with every intention of transplanting it to the valley below, where there was a fine harvest already of hats of every description; and remembering that I was trusting to it to hide my own personal curl-papers, I let go of Papa and put up both hands to hold it down to my head. In a

second, the wind wrapped all my clothes tightly around me, as if it were preparing to shoot me off the mountain like an arrow, and caught me bodily off my feet, hissing in my ears like a live thing. Oh, Lucy, I turned sick! I was as powerless as a feather to resist. I clutched out for somebody—something—to save me, but there seemed to be nothing anywhere only a great, blank, awful, yielding space, with death and me in the midst of it together. I don't think I cried out or any thing, it was so sudden, but I felt myself going, and shut my eyes with a gasp so as not to see the horrible fate before me, when, on the very brink of the terrace, a strong arm was thrown around me, somebody held me fast, and I was drawn back—back—back—oh, it seemed back into Heaven itself after that awful glimpse down into nothingness! I could not move my lips to speak. I could scarcely breath. I was shivering convulsively from head to foot. I looked up into Mr. Duke's face—it was almost as white as I know mine must have been,—and heard myself give

a low, shuddering cry that sounded as if it came from some one else, it was so strained and unnatural, and then I just fainted quietly away, and was done with every thing for a while, with the fear, and the horror, and the relief too.

It was very unheroic of me to be so weak and foolish after the danger was quite past, but oh, Lucy, you can't think what a shock that awful instant was to me. I seemed to be living it over and over all day long afterward, and lay on the sofa, weak and exhausted as if I had gone through a fit of illness, instead of a fright that anybody else would have recovered from in ten minutes, and at every gust of wind I shook like an aspen leaf and hid my face.

I did not see Mr. Duke until late that afternoon. The wind blew itself out at last, and everybody had gone to the terrace to watch for the sunset, when he came into the parlor. I tried to get up, but I grew giddy, and my head fell back on the cushions.

"Don't move," he said, and came up to the

sofa and stood looking down at me very kindly. I felt the tears coming, but tried my best to choke them down—it was so utterly silly to cry then!—and I held out my hand to him.

"Mr. Duke," I whispered, "I will at least try to live so that you need never think my life was not worthy your saving it to-day."

And that was all the thanks I gave him; but he took my hand between both his, and held it so an instant very gently, and did n't make any other reply; yet I am sure he felt that I was grateful, and somehow I knew too without his saying any thing, that he was glad he had happened to be there just at that moment, when but for him I should have died.

We all came back to Lucerne the next morning, Mr. Duke, who had been spending several days on the Rigi waiting for a good sunrise, returning with us, and the first person I saw as we entered our hotel was my young officer standing in the hall. He had a week's furlough, and had come tearing on from Frankfort to see me, and had provided a great hideous

bouquet, which I found up-stairs in our parlor —a monstrosity of red and white camelias circling stiffly around a knot of frightened blue violets (like court-ladies about a band of peasant children), unrelieved by a blade of green anywhere, and enclosed in a festooned gilt and white paper, which gave a peculiarly gaudy, tinsel look to the whole. When my officer was out of hearing, I asked Mr. Duke what he thought of it.

"I think of it just what you think of the giver," he replied, with his usual promptness, and with a very disdainful glance—whether at the flowers or at me I could not be sure. "That it answers your purpose very well as something to play with, which you can throw aside without compunction, the moment it is spoiled."

I think it was unkind of him, don't you? How could I help the man's coming to Lucerne if he chose to? The railroads are as free to him as to me, and I don't see why I need scowl at him because he is here. Besides, he

looks so handsome in his blue and silver uniform, that I like to have him about, and a soldier ought certainly to be able to protect himself if nobody else. But poor Mr. Grey is in the lowest depths of misery because of him.

"Fine feathers—nothing but fine feathers," he mutters every now and then. "It 's a pity somebody can't pluck him."

Every one seems rather down on the poor fellow. Even Mamma does n't like him, and says he is all sentiment and uniform, and Papa hopes I won't turn him in with my Triangle, assuring me "he won't pull on the square." Mr. Duke watches us both closely, and makes no comments whatever, but I know all the time as well as can be, that he is disapproving of one of us—and I think it is of me. There 's an old maid here too with whom I have a speaking acquaintance, and whom I am vainly recommending to Mr. Grey. She has been abroad for the last fifteen years, and seems to consider herself on that account an authority on every thing under the sun; and she never misses her

chance to slip in a condemnatory word. I fancy some people think the whole of wisdom consists in looking at every thing through smoked glasses. I would rather she spoke right out instead of hinting at things as she does. Hints are nothing but cowardly truths that are afraid to show themselves. And what does it matter what she thinks any way? I am not going to marry any German officers, but that is no reason why I should fly for a broomstick whenever I hear the chink of a sword.

"It is preposterous to see girls who have been brought up to every luxury," says my old maid, "*every* luxury," (she looks at me and repeats it in a scandalized tone as if charging me with some sin too shocking to name,) "doomed to a future of wretchedest poverty for sake of a blue or scarlet coat! They had much better stay at home and get their fathers to buy them a uniform to keep. They would never miss the man out of it!"

But I told her I should miss the man dreadfully, for I never saw a coat yet bright enough to make pretty speeches.

"You 'll find pretty speeches won't eke out a scanty income," she said, pursing up her thin old lips as if she had been married to twenty poor husbands and knew all about it. "How long do you suppose you could live on fine talk and six hundred a year?"

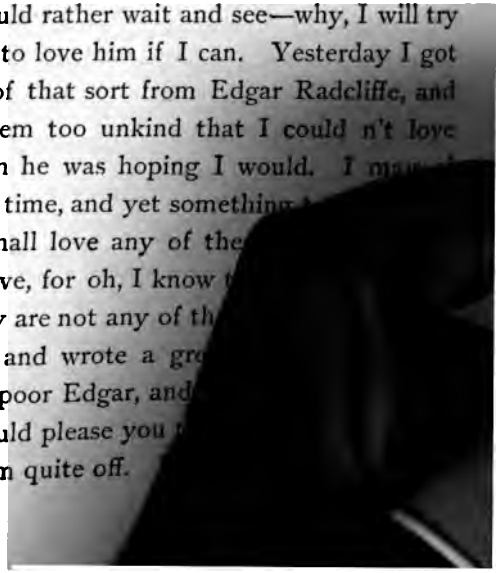
"I don't know," I answered, meekly. "Is six hundred very little to live on? And do you mean francs or pounds?"

"I mean dollars, of course,' she rejoined, tartly. "And I should like to see how long that would last you, my innocent baby."

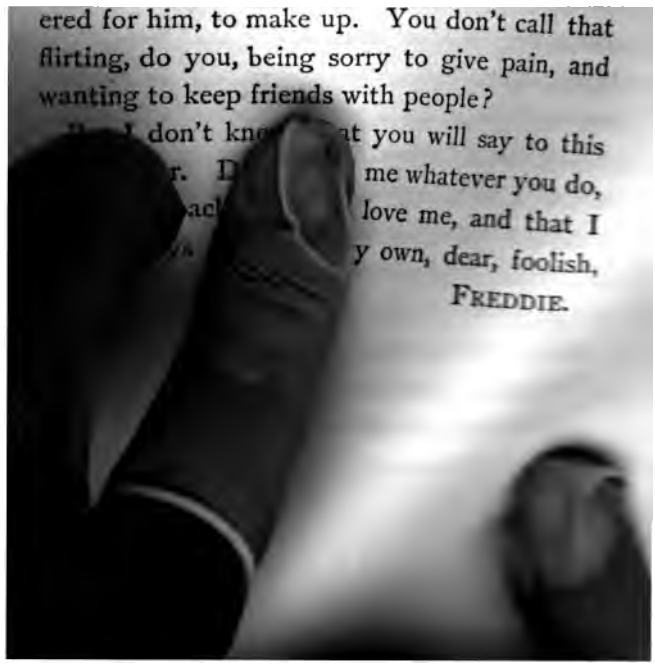
I 'm sure I don't know, but six hundred dollars a year sounds like a good deal of money. Of course one could n't buy much statuary, or many paintings by celebrated artists, or a great deal of Sèvres china with it, but I 'm not extravagant, and I could get along very well without those, and if I loved anybody very much I don't think I should mind at all having only a little house off Delaware Avenue with two servants, and I 'm sure I could make it bright and pretty and be very happy in it. Don't you

think I could live very easily on six hundred a year? I don't believe Mr. Duke has any more than that, for he never makes me any presents, and I dare say he has to economize his money. He has never given me so much as a flower, though I am sure he likes me better than he did. It is n't stinginess, for I know he has bought lovely things to take home to his sister, and it is all he can do to pass by a beggar, so I suppose it is prudence. But I don't see why people need suppose that because Papa has given me every thing I wanted all my life long, I could n't do with a little less money if I had to. I would learn how to, I know, if I loved anybody very much. For, though I am so light and fickle, I do believe in love, Lucy, real true love that will fill all my heart and soul when it comes and leave no room for any other. I am not to blame that until now no one has come whom I could love like that. I have honestly tried to love some one. I am trying all the time. When I left home I thought I should certainly end by caring for one of those

three, for each is so nice that I could be perfectly satisfied with him, if it were not that the others being equally nice made it hard to say which to fix upon. I have had letters from them all regularly, and every now and then some one of them gets impatient and wants me to give him an answer, and I am always obliged to say just the same thing,—that if he must have an answer now, it will have to be no, for I don't love him yet, but that if he would rather wait and see—why, I will try my best to love him if I can. Yesterday I got a letter of that sort from Edgar Radcliffe, and it did seem too unkind that I could n't love him when he was hoping I would. I ma[illegible] course in time, and yet something [illegible] I never shall love any of the[illegible] cannot love, for oh, I know t[illegible] cause they are not any of th[illegible] sat down and wrote a gr[illegible] "No" to poor Edgar, and [illegible] how it would please you [illegible] to send him quite off.



for him, knowing how badly he would feel when he read it, and he really is *so* nice, and thinks so much of me, and all, that I could n't help adding a relenting postscript to say that he must n't think I cared less for him than I used to, for if any thing I cared more, and if he would rather leave every thing just as it was before, I was perfectly willing to do so, and he might throw my letter into the fire, and we would both forget that it had been written; and I enclosed a little hat-band I had embroidered for him, to make up. You don't call that flirting, do you, being sorry to give pain, and wanting to keep friends with people?



XVII.

LIGHTS AGAINST THE SHADOWS.

LUCY RENSHAW TO FREDDIE BOGART.

YES, my darling, I do love you, and shall always love you. Do you think I could ever change? Of what value or reality is a love that can? Believe, dear, through all the years, through all life's changes, you will be to me just what you are now,—my own dear Sunny-Heart, sweeter than any Wild Rose that ever bloomed, and brighter than any sea-froth that was ever tossed upon the shore, and truer at heart than many who show no fickle butterfly wings.

You call yourself light and frivolous, but these are surface qualities, behind which there lie hidden very real strength and womanliness, and a sweetness beyond power of time or sor-

row to overshadow. My Sunny-Heart, I have a faith in you above what you have in yourself. I could not love you as I do; it could not be that so many others would love you, if there were not something in you truly worth the loving. And I fully believe that whenever you yield up your heart once for all into some good, true man's keeping, and know at last by very heart-knowledge what a grand and beautiful and solemn thing love is, then you will cast off all the lightness and frivolity like an outgrown garment, and you will never play with love again. I do not think any nature ever really belies itself, but, good or bad, becomes openly in the end that which it has been all the time in its deepest instincts and secret aims, whatever it may outwardly have seemed.

And so, Freddie, I have full trust in you, fuller than in our school days, for I was never sure then that love could be to you so much as to me. But I would not dare think that now. Love is like life and death, inasmuch as we do not know what it is, but when it comes it fills

all one's being, and is of a value to each that no one can measure rightly for any but one's self. I do not know who it is will bring you this blessed love at last, for whose dear sake you will fold those fickle butterfly wings forever, but he will surely come, and, as I read your letter, I think that perhaps he has already come,—not the officer, dear, nor "Ralph," nor Mr. Baxter, nor any of those at home. But I will name no names, only I am glad if this joy which has come to me, should be near you also.

For love is indeed every thing. It has made all life different to me and infinitely better worth living. At first I could think only of the sorrow of the separation, but lately I have blamed myself for my sadness. Why should the separation so weigh on me? For, after all, have I not his love still, whether near or apart? No distance, no time can take that blessing from me. I feel so sure of him, you see. I have such steadfast faith in him. It would be different had I doubt to struggle with. But I think of him with a heart full of utter trust and

peace, untroubled by the shadow of a question. It is so true that perfect love casteth out fear. It is teaching me a great many things, this new and wonderful love of mine; not quickly, for life's great lessons are all slowly learned, but surely. It casts its light not only forward, but backward over the life that I thought forever done with, bringing into bold relief many a forgotten duty and neglected opportunity that I was blind to at the time. It shows me how imperfect all my loving has been thus far, and where I have failed simply through not loving better. In its brilliant illumination my whole past in relation with my father seems suddenly spread out before me like an accusing record. Poor father! I have never given him such a love as this. I have kept my best from him, and I feel as if I had defrauded him of that to which he, of all living, had the first right. He may never have given me such a love either, but how do I know that he has it in his nature to give? I do have it in mine, and had I loved him with my best, surely I should have taught

him ere this to love me better. I feel how greatly I have been to blame as I look back upon the solitary, lonely, lost years. Think what we might have been to each other—we two left all alone in the world,—how close and dear our companionship might have been, how much nobler and fuller a life I might have led! He would have had more for me, had I but given him more myself.

No, I have not done my duty by him, Freddie. I have given him service for love, and obedience for sympathy, and having wronged him, I have no right to complain of him now. I am afraid I have spoken of him unkindly in my letters, but please forget it, only remembering that I was unjust, for had I but loved him as I ought, all would doubtless have been different, and I am only reaping the merited punishment of my fault.

I remember what sad and hopeless letters I have written you, my poor Freddie, but I will not write you any such again. It is a sorry love which fills the heart with complaints, and

so boundless and rich a love as mine should gladden my whole life henceforth, whatever its fate, making me wealthier of joy instead of poorer of it as I have seemed, and lending brightness to my face and voice instead of gloom, since love, like religion, is only to be known by its fruits.

You see I have been lecturing myself well, till I have grown penitent, and resolved to atone in so far as I can for the past. It is not in me ever to shed around such sunshine as you do, but at least I will no longer cast a shadow where I am. My good purpose has already proved its wisdom, for a few days ago Martha came to me with some household question, where I stood in my favorite place on Sunset Rock looking down the road, while that faint, faint hope fluttered at my heart that seems as much a part of the spot as the floating shadows from the trees. I was singing softly as I stood swinging my hat, and I smiled, I remember, as I turned towards her.

"It is a bright day, is it not, Martha?" I

said, when, her errand finished, she turned to leave. "A day that is all sunshine and song. Don't you want this rose to take with you into the house, to remind you of the brightness outside?"

She took the flower awkwardly, holding it in the clumsy fashion of fingers unaccustomed to handling dainty things.

"Eh, Miss Lucy, dear," she said, with her affectionate, honest eyes fastened on my face, "it is all the brightness I want, only to see you wear a smile like that."

And she went away, gladder for the unselfish reason that I was glad, for our hearts are mirrors that reflect each other's feelings almost without our knowledge; and later, when she called us to dinner, I saw that she had my rose stuck upside down in the bosom of her dress, held in its perilous position with two great pins that reminded one of skewers. Poor old Martha. She shall never lack again for such brightness as I can give her.

I think father dimly sees a change in me. I

try now to do his bidding not only willingly, but gladly, and to make a pleasure out of my work in the thought that it is a real help to him. It is often asserted that pleasure would cease to be a pleasure if converted into a duty. It is quite as true that duty once converted into a pleasure, loses its old ugly face forever. I cannot undo the work of the years that have divided us, but at least I will lessen the distance between us all that I may. Because he has denied me my heart's wish, is no reason why we should be estranged forever. To be so estranged is an increase of pain, not an alleviation, and I will not have it so. The future shall not carry us still further apart on our lonely ways. I feel as if I were throwing out tendrils to clasp themselves around my Father's life, and draw it nearer mine; and if they are too weak to draw him back to me, they shall draw me up to him, and so bind us two together, which is all I ask.

I have taken lately to going into the library with my work or my book, and sitting there

with him even when he does not require my assistance. I used always to go off as soon as he gave me permission, as if I only stayed with him for the need's sake, and I see now how graceless it was of me. For though I may not talk to him, he must insensibly feel less lonely from my being with him, and whenever he looks up I smile at him. He is generally too absorbed to notice it, but once or twice I have fancied his face has softened a little, as if my smile were vaguely pleasant to him in the way that one is conscious of a scent of violets without realizing whence it comes. But one day he suddenly pushed aside his work and looked at me.

"Why are you here, Lucy?" he asked. "I shall have no use for you to-day."

"I know it, father," I answered, quietly, "but if it does not disturb you, I like to be here."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, if you like it——"

And then he drew back his sheet, and for a long time worked on in silence. Then he laid down his pen and turned to me again.

"Why do you like it?" he asked, fixing his eyes keenly on me.

My heart was beating quite fast, but I smiled back at him courageously. "Because you are here, father," I answered. "I like to be with you."

He did not say any thing more, and worked on steadily for a long while, but from time to time he glanced up at me a little mistrustfully. I felt his eyes upon me, but I did not dare meet them again. When he had finished and left the desk, I went up to put every thing in order for him as usual, and he stood by silently, watching me. At last he came up to me and put his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Did you want any thing of me, Lucy, that you came to sit with me?" he asked, in a puzzled way.

Oh, Freddie, think what disunited lives we two have led, to make him imagine his daughter can only want something of him when she seeks his company! It seemed so pitiful that my lips quivered through my smile. I took his

hand and kissed it,—very timidly, for he does not like caresses.

"Dear father, I only want you to love me. I only want that we should love each other," I answered, almost in a whisper, and he bent and touched his lips to my forehead before he went away.

He has never since asked me why I am there, and he always seems to know when I come in, though I come so softly, and he often glances up with that gentle look that I watch for as for a smile, and that I think is almost sweeter. You see I am teaching him to love me, because love has taught me to love him; and so, although he does not dream of it, the love that he has sent from me is secretly bringing us two together at last. So I can no longer be sad as I was, for already my life-duties are becoming pleasures to me.

But you must not think that the growth of this tardy love is lessening my need of that other. Ah, no! That other is my first love and my best still. It is upon that I lean, and from

that comes all my present strength. Often at night I kneel at my window in the dark and look up at the stars, until in the thought of their infinite immensity our little earth seems to dwindle by comparison into a spot scarcely large enough to hold my heart. And then I say to myself: "Somewhere, somewhere it holds him too!" And remembering what a tiny world this is, seems to bring us so near together, that I feel comforted, and almost as if I had seen him. I wonder if Dr. Mackintosh ever hears from him. There is some distant relationship between them, still I think no real intimacy. The Doctor has spoken of him once or twice, but only casually. I held my breath and listened eagerly for more, but father merely bowed his head gravely in a way that seemed to indicate the subject possessed no interest, and how could the Doctor dream what the bare mention of his name was to me? I will not ask him directly for news. The spirit, if not the letter, of my promise forbids it; but whenever Dr. Mackintosh comes to call I cannot

keep out of the room, lest by chance he should let fall some reference, some faintest allusion, to the name I love, like a green leaf amid all the arid learning of his talk. I sit patiently enough now through the interminable arguments that I used to flee from in past days, and it seems to me strange that no instinct prompts him to guess my secret and answer my questions unasked as I go out with him afterward in the hall to help him on with his coat and find him his cane, for the Doctor has a way of leaving all such matters to whoever will assume the responsibility, and failing anybody would go off without them rather than trouble himself about them. But Dr. Mackintosh is a man of reason, not of instinct. Besides, it has not occurred to him yet that I have outgrown my childhood sufficiently to have need of any thing beyond dolls. I suppose no one has informed him that I am grown up, and his instinct is at fault again. So he pats me on the head as he goes, just as he has always done, and tells me to "mind my books like a good child," as the

grand sum total of the spiritual instruction that he owes me as my pastor. It is singular that those who have the authorized care of our souls should often stand farthest from them, and make not the slightest effort to get nearer, though it would take so little to unbar the gates forever. But it does not matter. I have love for my guide, and true love never leads astray.

And now I must close my letter, for it is late, and I must bring father his tea when he wakes. He is not well to day ; indeed his head has been worse than usual for some time, and he has been unable to work or even to read. It must be unendurably hard for a man who finds all his happiness in work, to accept these tedious days of inactivity. And he is always so patient. He never complains. He lies perfectly still, not a muscle moving, his thin white hands clasped together over his eyes, and his poor brows knit, for hours and for days at a time. I often ask myself if I have pitied him enough in the past,—if I who am so strong and well,

have not had too little compassion with his sufferings. It is so easy for the strong to make light of pains which they have never felt. It is often only what we suffer ourselves that seems intolerable to us.

Ah, Freddie, little by little I am learning how selfish and hard and wrapped up in myself I have been all these years that he has been needing my very tenderest love and care!

But my eyes have grown almost too blind to see longer, I had made the room so dark while father slept. Besides, he is stirring and calls me, and oh, Freddie, surely there was never such tenderness in his voice before! Dear, I am *very* happy. My pleasures outweigh my troubles.

So think of me as your fond and glad

LUCY.

XVIII.

IN THE TOILS.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO HIS SISTER.

So you decline to believe that I take a purely scientific interest in Miss Freddie Bogart, do you, my dear sister? And you think she must be an exceedingly captivating little creature? And you wonder whether I should criticise her more leniently, if—? If what? If there were no Lucy in the background, do you mean? Ah, but there is a Lucy, and a very sweet and unforgotten Lucy too. Nevertheless, I am willing to acknowledge that my interest in Miss Bogart has lost somewhat of its sternly analytic character, and has become a trifle more human and personal. When one is thrown continuously in a girl's society, whether of one's own will or hers, and moreover, when one has saved

her life, as I accidentally did Miss Freddie's in a hurricane on the Rigi, it is impossible to continue to regard her thereafter as merely a curious bit of mechanism.

And as you say, she *is* captivating, quite so. I am glad to find that my poor descriptions have done her that justice. I still disapprove of her strongly. She has enough of the flirt in her to largely endow every American girl in existence and still leave herself a sufficiency to draw on handsomely for the rest of her life. But there is really more in the child than I fancied at first, and a depth of feeling that I had not credited her with. She is at a turning point where her character bids fair to develop either way, according to auspicious or inauspicious circumstances. I do not consider myself in the least called upon to assume her moral guardianship; still I cannot help seeing that I have a decided influence over her, obtained I do not know how, which I should be sorry to totally disregard. She is of a very affectionate, lovable nature, and without being

extraordinarily clever or witty, is far brighter than the generality of girls, who wear their dreary accomplishments all on the outside, like so many sign-boards to purchasers. It is really refreshing occasionally to meet with a being who frankly confesses that she is neither musical nor artistic nor literary,—one who does not play "pieces," nor daub china, nor write for the magazines and threaten darkly to "put you in a book," but who, nevertheless, can dash you off an amusing caricature full of life and spirit at a moment's notice, and can recognize a college air when she hears it.

As I prophesied, the Bogarts and I have met again since leaving Frankfort. I ran across their party, or rather they ran across me, here at Lucerne. They have been doing Switzerland, greatly to poor Mr. Bogart's disgust. He had fancied that seeing Switzerland meant buying a watch at Geneva, and casting an approving eye upon Mt. Blanc as he sat in an easy chair on the balcony with his after-dinner cigar and the latest newspaper; and he

has confided to me that on the whole he prefers museums, as having seats all through them, and that as to views, he sees no difference (except in the fatigue of it) between standing at the bottom of a mountain and looking up, or going to the top of a mountain and looking down. It is pretty much all treadmill work, he says; there is always as much to do to-morrow as when you began to-day; and he is getting to be strongly of the opinion that God meant the ocean for a permanent line of division, obliging the Americans to remain at home; and while he is perfectly willing that Columbus should have discovered America, he says he should just like to know who the man was that discovered Europe. He would go a hundred miles to throw a stone on his tomb.

Mr. Grey regards him with compassion, as a benighted being to whom Europe is a dead letter, while he finds in Mrs. Bogart a kindred and congenial soul. She looks upon Mr. Grey as a neat little broadcloth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and draws upon him

mercilessly for knowledge of the most varied and incompatible description. He is aiding her in collecting photographs, that incurable disease which attacks all fresh travellers and lays so many low, and this collection bids fair to outrival all competing ones in the world. First there is a collection of sovereigns, ruling and ruled out, and of famous men and women of all ages, in which Mrs. Bogart gets Byron and the King of Bavaria hopelessly mixed up, and occasionally passes off Savonarola as one of the Bourbons; then there is another of all the celebrated paintings and statues of ancient days, and another of those of modern artists; and lastly, the inevitable collection of views, including every spot and every building that eye of man has looked upon from the creation down. It is pathetic to see her turn over these last and try to recollect what they are independently of the name on the back.

"That," she says confidently, "is St. Paul's. I recognize the dome. Oh no, it is the Panorama at Frankfort. And this—" taking up

another which is a mass of blurred figures, "is a picture-gallery somewhere, at Brussels I think, or—oh, the state apartments at—at—Potsdam,—no, Windsor, or—oh, yes, now I know, it is the nave of some cathedral with service going on, I 've forgotten where, but it 's very good." And when she is informed that it is not any of these, but is the ancient gambling saloon at Hombourg, she resigns herself by remarking that she knew it was "some place she had seen any way." Poor woman! There are sorrowful days awaiting her and her innocent friends at home, when she will unlock the great floodgates of her treasury, and let this photographic deluge pour forth upon them, with no Mr. Grey at hand riding the waves of destruction like a sort of humanized Noah's ark.

It still troubles the good lady that her daughters are benefiting so little by the trip, or perhaps I should limit her disappointment to the elder daughter, for Julia, though more pert and disagreeable than ever, has accumu-

lated a mass of general information till she has developed into a perfect scrap-book of reference. She has a memory awful to contemplate, for it never lets go what it has once laid hold of, no matter how trivial, and she uses it chiefly for the intolerable purpose of setting other people right. Mrs. Bogart one day undertook to describe some incident that had occurred at Interlaken.

"You don't pronounce the name right," said Julia, who was hovering near, having a particularly moist time with an orange. "It 's Interlachen. You can see the Jungfrau from there. It 's 13,718 feet high."

Mrs. Bogart accepted the correction gratefully, and went on: "It was the day after we got there——"

"No, it was n't. It was two days after, 'cause it was the day I smashed the looking-glass," put in Julia's fine shrill voice in the semi-shriek in which she always speaks.

"Oh, yes, so it was. Well, we had about finished dinner——"

"No we had n't," broke in the fatal voice. "We 'd only got to the salad, and I had just spilled some on Freddie's dress, and Freddie said——"

"Never mind what Freddie said, my pet," interrupted the mother, hastily. "Freddie says a great many things she does n't mean."

"Oh, but she meant it this time," persisted the imp. "She did n't scold, but she said she 'd rather I 'd spoiled any other dress she 's got, 'cause Mr. Duke liked that one."

"Well, well, you are interrupting me dreadfully," said Mrs. Bogart, visibly annoyed. "But as I was saying, Mr. Duke" (the entire party have adopted Freddie's name for me), we were about through dinner——"

"Only as far as the salad," from Julia.

"When somebody——"

"It was Mr. Grey."

"Was it, Julia? Well, is does n't signify who it was——"

"But it *was* Mr. Grey."

"Yes, yes, Julia, very likely, but that has nothing to do with the story."

"But it *was* Mr. Grey, I tell you. It was n't anybody else. It was just Mr. Grey."

"Yes, love, I understand" (in the most conciliatory tone possible).

"Yes, but don't you remember it was, 'cause Freddie had just been making that pome about him, and had to stop when he came in. This was it." And Julia began chanting lustily:

"There was a neutral-tinted man,——"

when in evident despair, as Mr. Grey himself was in the room, Mrs. Bogart hastily arose and conveyed her promising infant out of sight, and (which is still more difficult) out of sound, and I regret to say the story and the "pome" too were lost to me forever.

You see, Miss Freddie's spirits are unfailing, and I dare say frequently run away with her; but it is easier to forgive naughtinesses that spring from pure thoughtlessness and love of fun than any other kind. Really I do not wonder that she is spoiled, for it is the most difficult thing in the world to reprove her. I

tried to lecture her myself, as I told you I should. We were out on the lake, and strange to say I chanced to be the only young gentleman on the occasion, and was favored with a seat beside Miss Freddie in the bow of the boat, while the older members, with Julia as light ballast, were in the stern, the two phlegmatic, non-linguistic boatmen forming a barrier in the middle, so that we two were virtually alone,—an arrangement which Miss Freddie had doubtless brought about herself by a little innocent scheming. It was a beautiful twilight, just the hour for romance and sentimentality; but I will spare you a description of the scene; you have read it over and over and over again in a dozen first-rate novels,—light on the snow-clad hills, faint music over the water, gently gliding bark, and all the rest of it. Freddie was looking prettier than ever, as girls always do in boats with white things on their heads,—you will find that in the novels too,—eyes luminous as stars, silky hair stirred by the breeze, etc., etc., etc. We had not been talking for some

time, and at last Miss Freddie grew impatient of my silence, and asked me what I was thinking of, with a faint touch of petulance in her voice, as if she had been waiting for me to speak first, and was vexed that I did not.

"Would you really like to know?" I said. "I do not think you would forgive me if I told."

For in truth I had been thinking of her; of what a dangerous little thing she was with her seemingly artless yet so artful ways; of what irretrievable harm she wrought while only intent upon the moment's amusement; of how she drew men to her by every means in her power, only to throw them aside without remorse whenever the game was ended; of how she made light of what should be most dear and sacred to every soul; and of how that which ought to be life's fairest blessing often turned to its bitterest curse in such hands as hers. Blunt, hard, unsparing truths they were indeed, and yet when she pressed me, and would have it, I told them all, keeping nothing back,

repeating them to her as baldly as I have set them down here, unqualified and unsoftened in any way. She did not interrupt me once. She sat with drooping head, bending over the side of the boat and gently splashing the water all the time with her hand,—quite like your novel-heroine again,—and every now and then a bright tear fell down into the lake. But I was resolved to be pitiless, and I smoothed away no syllable of my homily.

There was a long silence after I had finished, till at last she slowly turned her face toward me. The tears were quite gone, but as I looked at her, I suddenly felt that I had been a brute.

"You think very harshly of me, Mr. Duke, but I must deserve it, as I know you would not be unjust to me," she said, very humbly. "It is true that I have flirted—a great deal; because—it is so nice to have people care for me, and I never think of any harm following; but —but—I am not *always* flirting, Mr. Duke. Don't you know I am not always flirting? Don't you give me credit for any feelings myself at all?"

Her head drooped with the last words till her face was quite out of sight, and her voice sank into a faltering whisper. It might be but another and more successful choice among the various tricks at her command. How could I tell? I did not know how to take her. I simply said nothing.

The boat was nearing the landing; our tête-à-tête was almost at an end. Freddie suddenly sat up as if in a sort of desperation.

"Mr. Duke," she said, in a strained, hard voice, as if she were struggling against sobs, "I let you say it all because I feel I have deserved it—most of it,—but there is something on the other side too. The best men are very—very—cruel—sometimes."

And then she gave me a look, half pleading, half reproachful, and yet so honestly loving and sweet that it made me long to take her in my arms before them all, and beg her to forgive me. But I stoically did nothing of the sort. I merely assisted her out of the boat, bidding her take care lest she wet her feet, and then

turned back to lift out Julia, who was sound asleep in her mother's arms, an image of lovely innocence, and who greatly resented being awaked, and kicked vigorously.

As we reached the hotel and I bade the party good-night, Freddie lingered behind them, asking timidly if I would not come in.

"I think not," I answered. "You must have had quite enough of me for to-night; indeed I fear too much."

She hesitated a moment, and her cheeks flushed. Then she came nearer and held out her hand to me without lifting her eyes.

"Are you very angry with me, Freddie?" I could not resist saying, as I felt her poor little cold fingers trembling in my hand.

She shook her head and flashed up a bright, quick smile of entire forgiveness, and went away, comforted, I verily believe, by the slip that I reproached myself for severely the moment her name had passed my lips; but it seemed so irresistibly natural to call her Freddie!

She was unusually quiet when I saw her again. All her sauciness had suddenly abandoned her. Evidently she had taken my lecture seriously to heart, and the poor young officer could hardly get a smile from her, while she was as gentle as a lamb to Mr. Grey, whose wrinkled old face expanded like a magnolia under this novel treatment, though I am afraid it rather brought matters to a crisis with the German. He disappeared as suddenly as he had come, and Freddie had a peculiarly subdued manner and very red eyes when I next saw her, having, I suppose, paid that feminine tribute of half an hour's cry to the man's life-long disappointment, which women seem to think equalizes the balance between them.

Mr. Grey is as exhilarated over the young fellow's departure as if it were champagne to him. He is revelling at present in a scarcity of young men, which instinct tells him cannot last, and how long Miss Freddie's state of repentance will endure is equally uncertain. The party leave to-morrow for Lugano, and as I

have all along thought I should rather enjoy another glimpse of the Italian lakes, I don't know that I can do better than to go on with them, though I have registered a solemn vow that I will *not* be in the same compartment with Julia. There seems to be nothing doing at home in these days, so that there is no reason why I should not extend my holiday a while. My plans are quite unformed, still I do not think I shall go much, if any, beyond Lugano.

I am glad to hear you are all so well. I am not quite up to the mark myself, and fancy that Switzerland does not agree with me. There ought to be some general correspondence, I suppose, between a man's physical and mental atmosphere, and I am under the impression that the air is too high and fine for me up here, and that I shall get into better equilibrium if I go where it is a trifle lower. Man cannot live always among the angels.

Well, good-bye, my dear girl. You are immensely good to say you enjoy my letters, and

certainly I have no other such correspondent as yourself in the world. You always declared that your marriage should make no difference in our old-time intimacy, and you have succeeded in convincing me that not even the babies have ousted me from your affections, while I trust you well understand, on your part, that however undemonstrative and careless I may appear, I am still always your loving, if gruff old brother,

HUMPHREY.

P. S.—Do you think I was too hard on poor little Freddie?

XIX.

"WHAT 'S IN A NAME?"

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

WE are getting farther and farther away from home and from you, Lucy dear. We are on our way to Italy, and are halting at Lugano for a breathing space before settling down to good, hard, uncompromising work again. I am looking forward to Italy with unmitigated dread. I know it is customary to speak of it as the land of sunshine, flowers, and music, but to me it only means hundreds of miles more of dingy cathedrals with side-shows of stale mummies, museums of dug-up atrocities that ought to have been left buried, back-breaking galleries with impossible pictures by masters so old they could n't paint straight, deceased tombs, ruined ruins, and a whole

country full besides of petrified associations with celebrities that antedate Adam. Oh, dear; if one could only come to Europe without having to see it!

But just at present we are having a holiday, and papa and I are making the most of it. Not many of our weeks have half-holidays in them, he says. This one began at Lucerne after we had done up the Lion, or to speak very truthfully, it began with our meeting Mr. Duke there, I think. He has been very much nicer to me lately, even though he gave me a dreadful lecture on flirting at Lucerne (an actual sermon it was, Lucy, in all except the final benediction), when we were out on the lake one perfectly adorable evening, and he ought to have been saying pretty things to me. He almost broke my heart at the time. I can't bear to be scolded. But he has made amends since by treating me more mercifully, more as if he thought me worthy some small consideration after all. In fact, I don't think he disapproves of me so entirely as he did. I can't bear to

have him think poorly of me. I believe I care more for his good opinion than for anybody's, —perhaps because it is so hard to get, and one has to work for it. I do like him, Lucy, very much—yes, very, very much, and I wish I were better worth his liking. I wish I flirted less, and were more serious, more unselfish, more thoughtful,—more like you, Lucy. Had he only known you, I am sure he would have fallen in love with you. You are just the sort of character that I fancy is his ideal, the mythical angel with whom he is doubtless always comparing me in his heart and finding me wanting. Still, even had he met you and lost his heart to you, it would not have availed him much, since you have already given yours away so completely. How comfortable it must be to give one's heart all away at once as you did to one person, and not to be bothered thinking whom to choose. Of course I shall marry some day. I could n't be an old maid. And you don't know how seriously I think over all my lovers, and compare them with each other, and

try to make up my mind between them. They are all *so* nice, but I really think sometimes that Mr. Duke is the very nicest. The other day I caught myself scribbling Frederika Davenant—Mrs. Humphrey Davenant—all over a sheet of paper to see how it looked. That 's his real name, you know, and it 's a pretty name, is n't it? and looks *distingué* written, though Mr. Duke is so much shorter and easier to say. He was in the room all the time talking with Papa, and Julia came and looked over my shoulder, and began calling out: "Oh, see what Freddie 's doing!" and I got very red, and said I was only writing the name of a girl I knew, and wondering if I had got it right. Do you think I did get it right? It can't be Freddie Bogart *always*, you know, but the question is whether it 's time yet to change it. Would n't it be funny if I were married before you after all? But you would have been married by this time if only your father had n't been so hateful. Lucy, I don't see how you can bear it so

beautifully, and be so brave, and forgiving, and sweet all the time. I admire you for it, but I could never be so good as you, Lucy. If I once cared for anybody, nobody could make me give him up, or compel me to put him entirely away from me as you have done, even for two tiny years. I should feel as if my right to him were greater than any other right over me, even that of my own father. You see I have very high ideas of the rights of love, higher I dare say than most people give me credit for, though you think better of me than many do; and, Lucy, darling, you don't know the comfort it is to me to feel that you believe in me, and don't think me hopelessly light and trifling. Lucy, I believe I am improving at last. Any way, I am beginning to look at life differently, as mamma wants me to, and if I did n't look at it right before, that must be a sign of improvement. I believe it means something besides having a good time in it, and being liked by people. It is hard to think it is actually *wrong* to try to make people

like me, but I suppose it is, for if I can't give them as much liking as they give me, it 's a species of robbery to take so much and give so little. So I 've made up my mind that I 'll only try to make one more like me, just one more, Lucy, and that then I 'll stop for good and always, and never, never, never flirt again! He must, you see, because he is the only man who has n't liked me right away, and it piques me to have him pay me so little attention, and seem so cool, and critical, and indifferent. And now I 've gone so far I can't go back. I 've got to go on. He must like me now, for—you see the truth is I like him very much indeed, and though I suppose it 's his nature to be critical and to keep weighing me and finding me wanting, and trying to put something in to make me balance, still for all that he need n't be cool and indifferent too, need he? And he is n't, Lucy, he really is n't indifferent now, I think. If he had n't cared a little bit for me, he would n't have been so pleased when I sent my poor young officer back to Frankfort, lovely

blue uniform and all. It was good of me, was n't it? for he was the most ornamental lover I ever had, but I wanted to prove to Mr. Duke that I was n't so altogether heartless as he thought me, and though of course he did n't say any thing, I am sure he was pleased. Papa was glad too when my officer went. He says he is always suspicious that a man is telling fibs when he does n't speak English, and he promised me a new locket for sending him off. He 's just the dearest old papa that ever was, and I love him. He is getting dreadfully homesick, but, dear me, we are not nearly through yet. Mamma is sorry for him, but she says we may never come abroad again (Papa says he 's sure of it if the decision rests at all with him), and we ought to make the most of this opportunity. She did n't like leaving Switzerland without going over all the passes, and we had a grand discussion about coming here, as to whether it were better to go over the St. Gothard by diligence, or through it by the tunnel. Mamma rather wanted to do

both, first one and then the other, but Papa settled it, saying if we went through the mountain we would be a great deal nearer the heart of the thing than if we merely skimmed over the top of it, and when I found Mr. Duke was going that way, I was glad enough we had chosen it. It was a lovely journey; the scenery could n't be grander anywhere I am sure, and there were dear little piazzas running along the side of the cars for the passengers. I stood there nearly all day long with Mr. Duke, though it was really cold, for our plucky little engine took us way up into the snow before it made its brave plunge into the side of the mountain. Once there came a gust of wind that fluttered my skirts and reminded me so of that awful moment on the Rigi, that I gave a faint scream and clutched at Mr. Duke involuntarily. But he did n't seem to think me ridiculously nervous, as of course I was; he only said very kindly that I had better take his arm while I stood there, which I always did after that, and it was much nicer, it made it so

much easier to talk. And when I shivered once with a little chill, he got out his great-coat from his roll and made me put it on. I had a warm cloak all the time among our own rugs, but I did n't tell him, for it was a great deal more fun to put on his; and I found his fur cap in the pocket and put that on too, and made him tell me if it were becoming. Mamma wanted me to take it off, but she did n't mind much when I told her it was warmer, so I wore it all day, and made Papa promise to buy me one of my own to wear on sleigh rides at home. Julia was n't allowed on the piazza, it was so cold, and she had to content herself with flattening her nose against the window-pane and making grimaces at Mr. Duke. She got dreadfully scared in the tunnel, because it lasted pitch dark for twenty-five whole minutes; and I stayed inside with her afterward to comfort her, and told her fairy stories, and I think Mr. Duke missed me a little as he walked up and down outside. He did n't say so, but he said he did not admire the scenery on the Italian side of the

tunnel nearly so much as on the other, while Mr. Grey, who sat inside with us and paid much more attention to the stories than to the view, said it was a great deal finer this side than the other,—and he is considered a judge.

Poor Mr. Grey has somehow hurt his foot, and for several days has been unable to get around as usual. There was an all-day excursion on the lake a few days ago, which he and I both missed in consequence. Mr. Baxter, who has turned up again, and Mr. Duke, and one or two others besides ourselves were going, and, until the last moment, Mr. Grey expected to go too; but as we were walking down to the landing his foot gave out, and he said he should have to go back, and we must go on without him. Of course we could n't break up the party on his account, but it seemed hard he should have to stay alone all day long while we were off enjoying ourselves, and I said I would stay with him. Everybody protested at that, and I did want to go so dreadfully, that I was just going to yield and go on when I saw Mr. Duke

looking at me, and I knew he would think better of me if I gave up a whole day of pleasure for sake of poor old humdrum Mr. Grey. So I would n't let them persuade me out of it, and would n't let any one else stay except Julia, for she did n't want to go without me, and I knew she would only be a nuisance to the party and tire poor Mamma out by hanging on to her skirts; and so they all went off without me, and oh, dear, did n't I feel dull and disappointed enough as I kissed my hand to them! But I never saw any one so grateful as Mr. Grey, and though I could swear that there were *at least* seventy-two hours in that interminable day, still I felt quite repaid by his satisfaction. He showed his happiness by not remarking more than three times upon Mr. Baxter's premature baldness, which he says is a prevalent fault among American young men, and is a sure indication of a weak intellect; and he only once sneered at Mr. Duke's knowing French so well, and then said nothing worse than that when people were not proficient in any thing else, it

was a pity if they could n't succeed in just that. However, this was very mild for him, and even when the mail came in, bringing me a letter from Ralph, his spirits were not much damped by it after the first half hour, though he condemned the poor boy's handwriting severely, as being so legible that it had n't any individuality. He only grunted a little after that, asking suddenly every now and then during the day, while I was playing dominos with him or reading aloud, if I were not tired of him and did n't want to "go back to my letters." But I really tried my best to be as bright and gay as if I had a whole roomful of young gentlemen to entertain, and between you and me I don't think Mr. Grey has had as pleasant a day since he was born. He was in such a state of satisfaction that he seemed absolutely to purr, like a cat who has been stroked the right way, and is going about with its tail held high.

When the party came back, they all said how much they had missed me, all but Mr. Duke. He sat next me at the table-d'hôte however,

and I took the opportunity, while helping myself out of his salt-cellar, to ask him if he had n't missed me any.

"Yes," he said, "I missed you very much."

"Then why did n't you tell me so?" I asked, with a pout.

"Because I had something else to say to you," he answered. "I wanted to tell you how very kind I thought it of you to give up your pleasure so generously to-day for Mr. Grey. It was more than one could have expected of you, Miss Freddie, or of any young lady."

And I instantly thought of the real reason of my staying, and I felt mean and ashamed, and could n't bear to have him praise me. My cheeks got hot, and I could n't look at him, and busied myself making a paper boat for Julia out of the menu, which she freighted with oil and pepper forthwith and sent on a leaky voyage across the table to Mr. Grey. Mr. Duke presently turned to me again and began speaking of something else, but I felt so like a hypocrite that I could n't stand it any longer,

and right in the middle of something he was saying, I suddenly looked up and told him he must n't praise me for having stayed home, for I did n't deserve it, as my real motive was n't to do a kindness, as it seemed, but only to make him think me unselfish and amiable.

I got all white and red together as I said it, but I did not flinch. Mr. Duke looked at me an instant without answering, and his eyes grew very kind, and a faint smile came to his lips,—have n't I told you before that he has a nice smile? And then he leaned forward to help me to water (though my glass was half-full already), and said in quite a low voice:

"It often requires more goodness to confess that one has done right from a wrong motive, than simply to do right. So if I may not think better of you for what seemed a very kind action, I may at least think better of you—as I do, Miss Freddie—for your confession, may I not?"

And that pleased me so, that I was as happy as a lark all the evening, though he hardly spoke

to me again; but I felt that his eyes watched me a good deal, and always with that kind look in them, and though I was as lively and bright with the others as I could be, I tried very hard not to flirt a bit, and I am sure he approved of me thoroughly for that one night any way.

We shall not be here much longer I am afraid, unless naughty Papa's pretended fit of rheumatism extend our holiday a little. Our next move will be to Milan, and I don't think Mr. Duke is going on with us. I don't know why. There seems no earthly reason why he should not. He has n't any convenient business calling him off anywhere. But he says he can join us again "if he find it practicable," which is ducal language for "if I want to." But I should think he must want to, when I want him so much, don't you? I shall try my best to make him come any way. I *want* him.

Dear Mamma says I must stop writing and sew on the braid to my overskirt where it has ripped, or I shall end by looking like a véritable Cook Tourist. My pride is wounded by that

announcement, for if there be a creature on earth more unprepossessing than any other in outward appearances,—more jaded and faded and dowdy in raiment, and more utterly done up apparently body and soul, it is that unfortunate human being known, as far off as you can see her, as the "Cook Tourist." The particular badge of the party is a draggled feather or broken wing in the hat, but I know her by her very shoes as I see them standing outside her bedroom-door at eight o'clock in the evening, loose, muddy, worn, and fearfully run down at the heels. No, I can *not* consent to be mistaken for a Cook Tourist! So good-bye in haste.

Your rapidly sewing

FREDDIE.

XX.

THE LORELEY.

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

DEAR MR. DUKE:

Where are you? It is three weeks since we left Lugano, and you have not appeared yet! Why don't you come? We have missed you a great deal more than you deserve if you have n't missed me—I mean us—just as much. Don't stay so long at the lakes. You can't deny that they are damp. You had better come here where it is merely musty. You see we are still at Milan, though we expected to have seen half Italy by this time. But we are waiting for poor little Julia to get over the measles. Is n't she unfortunate? I feel awfully to think she can have them a second time, it 's so bad her having them once. Does n't it seem ridiculous

for her to have caught such a juvenile disease in such an ancient world as Italy? I never imagined she could take any thing younger than lumbago or palsy in this antediluvian country. She is better now, but the doctor thinks she is in for whooping-cough, so I can't say if we shall ever get away.

We have done Milan through and through and through, and I think Mamma has been fairly overdosed with churches for once. She translates what the different guides tell us, but she gets a little mixed sometimes, or else they must say very extraordinary things, and I grieve to say that Papa is already getting sceptical, and says: "No, I thank you, not for me," when any thing in the least wonderful is reported, and then looks at me pityingly, and says: "Poor dear. Don't try to believe it all. It 'll be bad for you."

Mamma says it 's a fine chance to study Italian, but I am afraid to learn it, lest I should have to read Dante. I have peeped into Longfellow's translation, and dear me, how much

worse it must be in the original! Mamma speaks Italian quite like a native by this time, only she finds difficulty in making people understand her. She says it is because she speaks pure Italian, and no one else does, but she expects to be understood when she gets to Florence, as that is the only place where it is spoken in Italy. It seems odd that the language of the country should only be spoken in one city of it, does n't it?

I am heartily tired of Milan by this time, but we 've seen every thing now, I believe, and hope. We went to the Certosa yesterday, and I scandalized Mr. Grey by making votive offerings of yams to the god Morpheus, over its most magnificent altars. How I do wish I might have come to Europe directly after the deluge, when every thing had been swept away! But I take comfort in the fact that we are nearly half through the guide-books now. I have privately glued together two pages about the churches in Rome. There are so many it *can't* be necessary we should see them all. By

this time I could almost draw the cathedral here with my eyes shut, I go there so often just to use up the time, for you can't think how dull it is with nobody but Mr. Grey for company. Why don't you come? You promised to join us before very long. Don't you remember? You were nice to me the night you promised that, as I like to think, for there have been many times when you really were not nice at all. Do you guess how you have hurt me sometimes? And are n't you just a little sorry?

But there. I will forgive you every thing if only you will come. You said you would come before very long, and I think three weeks is *after* very long. We are tired expecting you. Hurry!

Impatiently,

FREDDIE.

XXI.

TARDY PRUDENCE.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO FREDDIE BOGART.

DEAR MISS FREDDIE:

I regret that I shall not be able to join you after all. It is exceedingly kind of you to say that you miss me, and I assure you I miss you no less, and our stay together at Lugano will always be among the pleasantest recollections of my European trip.

I have run across a couple of old friends here (old in every sense of the word), and I shall join their party when I leave Como. They do not care to go farther south this season, and I presume we shall move on to the Tyrol before long.

I am sorry to learn that Julia has been ill, and trust that she will not keep you in

Milan beyond your patience. Meanwhile do not be tempted to spend too much time in the cathedral, or indeed in any cathedral anywhere. It may be good for you morally, but it is sure to be bad for you physically, and I don't want to hear that you are down with the fever somewhere along your route. I wish you the pleasantest trip possible, with plenty of friends, and no contretemps whatever. And I beg that when you think of me, as I hope you sometimes may, you will forget all that I can have ever said to hurt you, and only remember me as your very sincere friend,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

XXII.

DRAWING IN THE NET.

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

DEAR MR. DUKE:

Or, no; please imagine that crossed out, as not stiff enough for a correct answer to your letter. I 'll begin again.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 13th inst. duly rec. I note its contents, but fail, after the most persistent perusal of the same, to deduce therefrom any good and sufficient reason for your withdrawal from the contract formally entered upon at Lugano—it was the night you said good-bye in the window; don't you remember? You certainly promised then to join us again before very long. *I* was always taught that promises were to be kept, but I suppose there is n't time

to teach that and classics too at colleges. I wish you had left out the classics. However, I suppose you consider that a meeting with old friends is quite enough of an excuse for your sudden and total desertion of us new friends, though it does seem a little hard that faithfulness to the old should have to entail faithlessness to the new. I had fancied *we* were old friends too, by this time, reckoning our acquaintanceship by the rule that two months of it in Europe are worth three years of it in America; but I see that my arithmetic has been running wild, and it 's time I went back to school.

I am much obliged for your parting advice about the cathedrals, though I should not think it could especially matter to you whether I fell ill or not. Still you have always been very generous to me as regards good advice, if, perhaps, not quite as much so in your judgment of my faults.

Good-bye, since you prefer not to say *au revoir*. Truly yours,

FREDERIKA BOGART.

XXIII.

A FINAL STRUGGLE.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO FREDDIE BOGART.

MY DEAR MISS FREDDIE:

I am truly grieved that my letter has pained you, and yet I cannot unsay it.

No, I have not forgotten that evening when we said good-bye, nor how you drew from me the confession that my feelings toward you had greatly changed from what they were at first, nor how you would not let me go till I had half promised to join you later. I have not forgotten, and I suppose I should scarcely be human were the recollection not sweet to me. But I promised against my better judgment, simply because I could not say no to you;—can any man refuse you what you ask when you look and speak as you looked and

spoke to me that night? But now that I stand outside the irresistible spell of your presence, my better judgment reasserts itself, and surely you may trust me when I say that I would not break even that half promise, however rashly and foolishly given, if it were not best and right that I should,—if it were not indeed almost impossible for me to do otherwise. Believe me, it costs me a struggle not to go to you when you ask it, and if you must and will have my reason, I will tell it you plainly. It is because I dare not. Whether or not you are flirting with me as with so many others, God knows. Perhaps it is only another proof of your matchless skill in deluding, that I believe you are not flirting now. Still I cannot trust myself with you again. I must keep master of myself, and I do so by remaining away from you, for I know I could not be with you, and be only what I am now,—

Your friend,

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

XXIV.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

FREDDIE BOGART TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

PLEASE come.

FREDDIE.

XXV.

IN THE DARK.

LUCY RENSHAW TO FREDDIE BOGART.

FREDDIE, Freddie, what does your merry, mocking, cruel letter mean? You must—you shall tell me now. I cannot bear it—I *will* know. Are you in earnest or in play? Oh, to think that there is no way of guessing! You write so lightly of what to me—oh, yes dear, I know it is your way to take things lightly. It is only I who am always so desperately in earnest that jesting is out of place with me. But tell me truly this time, as you would answer if I asked some question that regarded only me, do you love Mr. Davenant, Freddie? Not just do you like him—do you care for him —I mean none of those half-way words,—but do you really, really *love* him, Freddie, or are

you only fooling both himself and yourself, drawing him on and making him love you against his will, only to throw him over like the rest in the end? Oh, why do you not tell me? Why do you leave it so? Freddie, for God's sake, be earnest for once. Cannot you feel how serious a matter love is to others if not to you? You degrade into a toy what to some is life and death. Oh, how could your love for him ever be such a love as mine! But let that pass. It might frighten you if I could make you understand all that love is to me. It frightens me when I think of it. But let my love pass. Put it by. Let us only talk of you —and him, Mr. Duke, as you call him. So, his real name is Humphrey Davenant. You never mentioned it before. Yes, it *is* a pretty name. An unusual name. There could surely never be two Humphrey Davenants. I have written it nicely, have I not? I always was vain of my D's. I wish you had told it me sooner, dear.

But the name is so small a part of the man one loves, is it not? What does one need of a

name by which to know him whom one seems to see with one's very eyes and to touch with one's very hand as one thinks of him? Names stand for the world's use, and not for the need of lovers. My heart—my soul—my life—all those silly phrases that are ascribed to lovers and thought so meaningless,—ah, Freddie, they are not silly after all; they are the real names by which all true lovers secretly know each other. Any one who will may call my darling by his name, but who save one who loved him could call him as I do,—my heart—my soul—my life?

Do you think I am crazy? Oh, no, I am not. But your letter roused me out of a dream, and perhaps I write wildly, as one talks who is not yet all awake. I was standing on Sunset Rock when it came, looking down the long empty road, watching for the one who never comes, yet growing calmer and gladder as I watched. Father has been very ill lately, and I scarcely leave him except for a moment's rest. He has often been as ill as this before, but loving him

more I understand better what he suffers, and am more anxious than when I cared less for him. As I nurse him through the long, long days when he lies motionless as if he were dead, scarcely speaking, scarcely able to be spoken to, racked with incessant and intolerable pain, and needing such unremitting and loving care, I feel how paramount his claim upon me is to that of any other human being in the world. And yet that other love—O God, how dear it has been to me! How large a place it has held in my foolish heart! Have I been wrong to love him so, I wonder? I was wrong in not loving my father more. Was I also wrong in loving that other too much? Must I lose the one because of my too great love, and the other because I did not love enough? Oh, the terrible questions that stand out before me as I sit beside my father in the dark! It is my study time. I learn then by heart many bitter life-lessons that I only knew by rote before.

But father was better the day that your letter came, and I slipped away, while he slept, for

a breath of fresh air, and stood as usual at my old place. It rests me to go there. As I look down the road a vague sense steals over me of some indefinite happiness, some nearly realized swiftly coming gladness that will be mine in one moment more. All roads may be travelled both ways, yet to my fancy this road runs only into my life, not out of it, and seems to be forever bringing something to me, something that is on the very verge of reaching me, but that has not quite arrived, something beautiful that all my life hitherto has missed. I do not know why it is that this faint feeling of expectancy comes over me as I look down that road. It may be—such little things affect the fancy,—it may be because our winds are mostly from the west, and so all the branches of the trees bend towards me instead of away from me as I stand there, like travellers stooping forward as they come, while the loose leaves rustle up to me like the hurrying footsteps of some approaching guest. He is coming, he is coming, my heart whispers joyfully, and I feel that

it beats quicker, and that I am smiling and leaning out half unconsciously as if to meet this shadowy gladness.

This feeling was stronger than ever on me the day that your letter came. Surely, I thought, and sooner than I know or dream, it must be that he will come,—not perhaps by this very road that I am watching,—is it not less often by life's highways than by its unsuspected by-paths that our dearest pleasures reach us?—but some time when I am least expecting it, he will come up behind me and I shall hear him say my name. And just then I heard my name in very truth, and for one brief, wild, delicious instant I thought it was he who called. But it was Martha. She brought me your letter. I was glad as I took it, Freddie. I had always been so glad to get your letters. I stayed there and read it and re-read it. I am afraid I left father too long alone. The last line of light died out of the sky, and it grew dark all about me before I remembered and went in. I do not think there has been very much light

since. The days are all gray and autumnal. We are far on into the fall now, you know.

But I am not dreaming any more. I am too wide-awake ever to dream again. You, as I write, must have been long in the land of dreams yourself. You are lying with your arms out-tossed, your bright eyes closed, and your saucy lips parted in that pretty smile I know so well. Are you dreaming of your love, Freddie, as I have dreamed so long and so idly of mine? Or is it only a make-believe love with you, only a mockery, only a cruel play? Oh, Freddie, Freddie, give up flirting! You cannot begin to guess all the harm you do! how can you ever know all the sorrow you cause, all the hearts you break by it! Oh, be true. Be honest. Give up your wicked sport. Do not bring more misery into a world so full of it!

But there, dear, forgive me. I think you have given it up already. I feel that you must be in earnest now, that you are not flirting this time, that you love him, really love him,

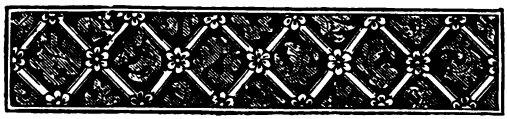
as you half confess that you do. And it is not strange at all—oh, no, not strange at all—that one whom you love should love you in return. If so many love you for whom you care nothing, how could it be possible for one whom you did love not to love you? You are so sweet—so lovable—so irresistibly lovable. Yes, oh yes, he would surely love you in spite of himself,—even if he tried not to. He could not help it. I know he could not help it.

But I must go back to father. It is very, very late. The time that I should have spent in sleep I have taken for this letter. But I could not rest. I had to write it. And it must be so long before I can get your answer,—a month at quickest. Oh, you don't know how eternally long a month can be! Only tell me the truth, Freddie. Yes, yes, dear, I know you will. Don't be vexed at my blunt way. It is only that I am so serious, you know. It is so impossible for one like me to take things lightly,—that is all, dear. That is quite all—you understand. And I know you will tell me all the

truth. For surely you must have made up your mind by this. Surely your heart must have told you long since whether or not you were right when you wrote your name in that new fashion —Frederika Davenant. How can I tell? I do not know. God knows—God only. May He lead you right.

Good-night and good-bye.

LUCY.



XXVI.

LANDED.

FREDDIE BOGART TO LUCY RENSHAW.

YOU dear lovely Lucy, what a solemn letter! It quite frightens me. You look at every thing with such serious, truthful eyes; you will not believe that any one can be so light as I am, so altogether frivolous and frothy. I make a great many excellent resolutions, fit to turn out a whole conventful of nuns if only they went into effect. But there is just the mischief of it. Somehow they won't work. They are like an admirable machine whose main-spring is broken, and so the whole fabric is at a standstill, though it looks as imposing as possible. Lucy, do you suppose if any real sorrow ever came to me and sobered me,—for a real sorrow would sober even such a light thing as I am, would n't it?

—do you think it would do me good? I would like to be better than I am, if only the process of being made better does n't hurt too much, for I am very afraid of pain. The "discipline of sorrow" has a most unattractive sound in my ears. I don't think I could ever bear pain bravely. I should be like a butterfly caught in a rain-storm, beaten down before I could reach shelter. Such a confession of weakness must sound strange to you who are so strong, and yet I verily believe that the strong can sympathize with the weak better than the weak with the strong. You, for instance, can comprehend why I should fall, better than I can comprehend how you can stand. At least, I hope so, for I don't want you to lose all faith in me. I could n't bear it if you ever loved me less, though I am so unworthy of the love you give me. For, Lucy dear, don't cast me off entirely, but I *have* been flirting again. I am so sorry. I know it is very naughty—yes, very wicked of me; but when I am with people and they don't care for me, I can't help trying to make them

like me just a little, indeed I can't. And Mr. Duke was so severe, and so displeased with me always. It was n't in human nature not to try to make him alter his opinion. And I was n't exactly flirting either. That is, I did really want to be a better girl, and it was pleasant to have him notice that I was trying to be good. He was quite horrid to me, however, everywhere until we got to Lugano, and he was so kind and nice there that I made him come on afterward to Milan, though it really seemed as if he did n't want to. I suppose I ought n't to have made him come, but you can't think how dismal and lonely we were there. I believe I should have hung myself if somebody had n't come. Julia had the measles. I could n't help feeling as if she took them on purpose to keep us, and there was nobody but Mr. Grey for company, and he seemed to fade right out under the hot Italian sun until he got too colorless for any thing. Papa was homesick and low-spirited, and said if this were "Roger's Italy," he wished to goodness "Roger" had locked

it up and kept it to himself; and Mamma was sunk in Italian verbs up to the ears; and altogether, though may be it was naughty to insist on Mr. Duke's coming, still he was so near and I liked him so much, that I did. Any way I believe any other girl would have done the same, except perhaps you, for you know you are a bigger saint than was ever created before.

Any how he came, and it was such a relief to see a man again after having had nobody for so long, that of course I was as nice to him as I could be, as it was really my duty to be too when he had come entirely at my bidding. But he acted so queerly, just as if he were trying all the time *not* to like me too much, and it aggravated me. No girl likes a man to behave that way. However the end to it all had to come, and such a romantic one too! It was on the top of the cathedral. Fancy being proposed to with three thousand saints looking on! I had made him take me up there for lack of any thing better to do, though it was a dark, dismal day. Papa would n't go up. He

said the last thing Nature had had in contemplation when she made his legs, was the top of the Milan cathedral, and he would n't ask it of them. Mr. Duke evidently thought me very foolish to attempt it, but I would go, though I nearly gave out several times on the way up, and had to sit down on the stairs,—queer little narrow dark spiral stairs, that seemed bent on making the ascent just as hard as they possibly could. He never offered to help me at all, as I should have thought any man would when he saw me so tired; but once when I sat down so suddenly that he nearly walked over me in the dark, and I cried out and made believe that he had hurt me, he felt dreadfully, until I broke out laughing and he saw it was all put on, and then he drew back and became as stiff as a piece of buckram immediately.

There was n't a soul but ourselves up there when we finally reached the platform,—ourselves and the three thousand saints. Even the custodian had disappeared; I don't suppose he thought any human being would be so

foolish as to mount all those steps only for sake of getting into the clouds, for, as to view, there was n't any more by the time we reached the top than is to be seen out of our back windows at home, and Monte Rosa might all as well have been in Australia. But I did n't mind missing the view. You can see it just as well any day in a photograph. And it was fun to be high up in the air so far away from everybody, with all the statues looking as if they too had climbed up once upon a time for the outlook, and had frozen stiff before they could get down again. It all looked just like a subterranean cavern done over "al fresco" with inverted stalactites. As, however, it is the view that one chiefly goes up for, it was certainly quite nonsensical to have made the ascent on such a day, as Mr. Duke expressed by elevating his eyebrows and asking if I felt repaid for the fatigue.

"Quite," I said. "I 'm a good deal nearer Heaven than I was, any way, and so are you. You ought to be very grateful to me for having brought you here."

"I am not so sure of that," he answered, soberly. "I am not at all sure that I have followed your lead to my good."

"Go your own way, then," I retorted. "Do I hinder you?"

"Yes," he replied, laconically. "You do."

"I am sorry to be a stumbling-block in way of your freedom," I said, saucily; but he looked so grave that I stopped laughing. Besides it was so white and still up there in the creeping mist that jesting seemed inopportune. "Make your way my way, and then there will be neither following nor guiding, but only one way for us both," I added, softly. He seemed about to answer, yet still he said nothing. "What is it?" I asked. "Why don't you say it?"

"Do you want me to?" he said, turning suddenly and looking right down into my eyes. "Shall I?"

I knew from that look on his face that it could be only one thing he meant, but how could I help answering yes? I was n't supposed to know beforehand what he might be *going* to say.

"Yes," I said.

But he did n't say it. He looked at me fixedly a moment longer, and then turned abruptly and walked off as if to examine a particularly villainous old statue that was leering at us with an embarrassingly alive look; and when he same back to me, he seemed somehow quite different. He did n't look at me again, but as we stood there he glanced down at the flower in his button-hole, fingered it an instant, and presently drew it out and threw it over the parapet. It was one I had given him myself before we started, and I naturally resented this cavalier treatment of my gift.

"You would n't have had me wear it longer, would you?" he said, quite gruffly. "It 's shockingly faded now, and it was not remarkably fresh when you gave it to me."

"Perhaps not," I replied, meekly. "That was because I had worn it myself a while first."

"That honor does n't seem to have endowed it with any the longer life," he remarked, coolly.

Was n't it ungallant of him? I felt very

much hurt, and I dare say I showed it, for he presently asked in a rather altered voice what I would have had him do with it.

"Keep it," I said.

"But I can't make an herbarium of myself like all your other adorers," he answered, sharply, and then was vexed for having implied that he classed himself with my adorers at all, for he bit his lip and scowled off into space over my head.

I am afraid I ought not to have done what I did next, but the flirting propensity got uppermost, and I could n't help it. Besides, he had no business to take such immense pains not to fall in love with me. I drew a little nearer him and looked up at him,—it generally makes his face soften when I look at him so.

"My *other* adorers?" I repeated. "From the way you treat me, Mr. Duke, I should think I could hardly count you as one of them."

But he was not to be softened this time. "No," he said, very rudely, "you can not. I do not at all adore you."

I think I had right to be angry in my turn, but I did a very foolish thing instead. I went close to him and slipped my hand into his,—there was nobody up there, you know,—and whispered, coaxingly: "But you like me just a little, don't you, Mr. Duke? Won't you like me a little, please? Please won't you?"

He closed his hand spasmodically over mine an instant, and then dropped it suddenly as if it stung him. "A little?" he said, and moved away from me with a queer laugh. "Oh, yes, a little,—enough for your purpose. I may safely do that. You do not really require very much."

I wish I could ever remember that silence is golden, and hold my tongue. But this was so mean of him that I could n't stand it.

"No," I said, impulsively, "a little is not enough. I want more—or none."

And then I sank down on one of the benches and hid my face, and instead of trying to comfort me, as any other man would have done, he just stooped over me and, taking hold of my

two wrists so tightly that he hurt me, pulled my hands away.

"Look at me," he said, in a very stern, strange voice.

But I could n't, I was crying so; and then he asked me what I was crying for, and I stammered out that he made me unhappy from the way he treated me, and that I could n't bear it, and I did n't see why he did n't like me when I tried so hard to please him. And then, Lucy, all of a sudden, just as if he could n't help himself, he stooped lower yet and kissed me.

That frightened me, for it was so unlike him to do such a thing, and I stopped crying and looked up at him in sheer surprise, and then he went on, and oh, I can't tell you all he said, nor the blunt, defiant, vexed sort of way in which he said it, blurting it out almost as if he were angry with himself for loving me, and yet could n't help it. It was a strange way for a man to ask a girl to marry him. And all the time the mist was creeping and curling around us till it shut out every thing except the ugly

leer on the face of that diabolical saint. I never interrupted him once. I could n't.

But when at last I found words and he understood that it was all a mistake, and that I did n't love him—at least not enough to marry him,—and that I had n't meant to be taken that way, that I only wanted to be good friends with him,—oh, Lucy, Lucy, it was perfectly dreadful the way he talked to me then. I could never tell you or any one all he said to me. He suddenly grew perfectly calm, but his face was white as a sheet, and his voice—oh, it was horrible, it was so full of scorn and anger and contempt,—for himself, it seemed, almost as much as for me. He made me positively afraid of him. I shrank back in the corner of the bench, too scared to cry, looking straight up at him, and never missing a word, though all the time I was wishing I were dead. I may have deserved a good deal of it, but I don't think I am quite so bad as he made me out. Why, I should want to go and drown myself if all that he said about me were true. And oh, I felt so

ashamed of myself, and so sorry! He would n't forgive me or any thing. He would n't take my hand when I held it out to him. But he stopped suddenly as he had begun, drew himself up and gave himself a great shake, as if to be rid of it all, and then turned directly to go down, and there was nothing for me but to follow him, very subdued and meek, I assure you, and feeling as if that hateful saint had had something to do with the ugly ending of my romance. Down we went together, down, down, without ever one syllable spoken,—down, down, down,—oh, it seemed as if we should reach the very centre of the earth before those interminable stairs stopped. I grew so faint and giddy I called out to him once in despair please to wait a moment, just a moment; but he acted as if he never heard, and kept straight on, and I had to follow as best I could. Just as he reached the bottom though, he stopped short, faced about, and said to me in a low, angry voice: "You have got all that you wanted out of me. I trust

you are satisfied. I pray God I may never see you or your like again." And with that he opened the door into the cathedral and motioned to me to pass out before him, so that I could n't answer a word if I had wanted to, and handing me silently over to Papa, whom we found in one of the side chapels, where he had fallen sound asleep and seemed to be having bad dreams, he lifted his hat, turned on his heel, and left us, and I have neither heard nor seen any thing of him since. Of course, everybody is surprised at his abrupt disappearance, and asks me what I have done with him, as if I had tied him up and were keeping him on a shelf along with the Albert biscuit and orange marmalade. Mr. Grey is delighted. Papa is puzzled. Mamma sighs and shakes her head at me. I sigh too, and shake my head at myself. I know I have done wrong in flirting with him, still I don't think he need take it so. He always knew well enough that I was only a flirt; he has scolded me no end of times about it. And besides, I really did like him very,

very much indeed. I was n't to blame that I could n't love him all in a hurry. Perhaps I should have come to love him in time,—how can I tell? He need n't have been so angry and gone off so fiercely. Other people are content to wait and see if I won't change my mind later. Of course, I shall say "yes" some time or other to somebody, and perhaps it would have been to Mr. Duke, if only he had been more patient. But there 's an end of it all now, any way. I did n't want to marry him yet. I don't want to marry any one yet, as I told him. I want to have a good time first.

You see I have told you every thing, Lucy dear, and after all there is n't any harm done, except that I 've lost Mr. Duke's pleasant company. You need n't cry out so against a flirtation, dear, for there is just this one only trouble with it that I can see. When it comes to an end, why that is all there is of it. There is n't any thing more to follow, not even a nice, tame, makeshift friendship. It all goes at once like a bubble, and leaves one grasping empty air.

So you see I am the real loser after all, for it 's drearier than ever here in Milan without Mr. Duke. I do wish he had n't offered himself yet. Ralph writes me he can't join us for several weeks to come. I believe his sister has got hold of him, and is making him take her to the theatres, and won't give him up. I shall just expire if some one does n't come. I don't care who, but some one *must* come. You can't think how I miss Mr. Duke, and how sorry I am that he was angry with me when he went. I can't bear him to think so dreadfully of me; but what can I do about it? I did write him a very humble little letter, begging him to forgive me, and to let every thing be as it was before; but he never answered it, and I cried that night till my head ached. Don't you think he behaved pretty meanly on the whole?

Now don't scold me, Lucy darling. Yes, of course I deserve it, and you can't say any thing to me worse than what I say to myself time and time again, only you see I always for-

get just at the critical moment when I ought most of all to remember.

But I will try to improve, Lucy. I *will* try not to flirt. I promise you I will really and truly try not to flirt next time, and so perhaps you will still keep a little tiny place in your heart for your very naughty but very repentant

FREDDIE.

Won't you, dear?

XXVII.

TIDINGS.

MRS. STEVENSON TO HER BROTHER.

MY DEAR HUMPHREY:

I hope that poor Mr. Renshaw's death is not in direct answer to your prayers. Had you heard that he was ill? I know of no particulars beyond what are given in the printed notice that I enclose.

I feel that it would be indecently unchristian to congratulate you, still I suppose that we may now look for your immediate return.

Your Expectant Sister,

SUE.

XXVIII.

OFF AND ON.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT TO LUCY RENSHAW.

MY DEAR LUCY:

Three weeks ago I received from my sister the news of your father's death. I was then in Italy. I am now in New York, waiting to know from you if I may come to you. Read my letter and decide.

Lucy, before God, I love you and you only in all the world. I hold you securely and forever in my very heart of hearts. No other woman that lives has been or could ever become that which you are to me. My love for you underlies all other emotions, as fixed, as unchangeable, and as everlasting as a rock under drifting tides. And yet, Lucy, I have a singular confession to make to you. For a

brief, mad, hateful time since we parted, I have seemed, even to myself, to forget you. For one wretched, unworthy instant I fancied that I was faithless to you for another's sake. It was but a passing infatuation that is as completely dissipated and done with as if it had never been, leaving no trace beyond an enduring shame at the recollection of my weakness. If you will but let me come to you, I will tell you all from beginning to end, without reservation or palliation. I will not spare myself. If there be any excuse for me, I do not seek it. But take it as evidence of the sincerity of my love for you, that I cannot approach you with this humiliating secret untold. I will not bring to you a heart less true than your own. Good or bad, I will hide no page of my life from you. If you cannot trust me in the future, it shall be from what you know of me, and not from what you only imagine.

I do not ask if your feelings toward me have changed. I can doubt all else sooner than I can doubt your unswerving faithfulness and

truth. I have proved myself unworthy the least thought of your stainless heart. Yet, Lucy, my darling, is it not true that they love most to whom much is forgiven?

Let me come to you. Only say that I may come and at once. I ask nothing more of you till I see you, except that whether you forgive me or condemn me, you will still believe that I love you as I have never, in my least faithful moment, loved any other human being under heaven.

Whatever your answer, I am yours only and forever.

HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

XXIX.

THE RESULT OF A HARMLESS FLIRTATION.

LUCY RENSHAW TO HUMPHREY DAVENANT.

OH, my love, good-bye. Yes, good-bye for always. I do not say it lightly or in anger. I have had a long, fierce struggle with myself, but I can write calmly now, and though I say it in deepest sorrow, I can never add any thing gentler to it.

Do not attempt to see me, nor to alter what must remain my final decision. I do not blame you too much. I know one is not always master of one's own heart. One cannot always love only where one wills to love. And you were not really bound to me. There was no absolute promise between us. I have not really any right to complain. Only I cannot trust my whole life with you now without a

question or a doubt, as I would have done before. If love could not keep your heart true to me, could a vow do so any better?

Forgive me, if I seem unforgiving, but a faith like mine, once shaken, is less easily re-established than a weaker one, and I can better part with you forever, than be your wife and not give you a perfect trust. No; you have been and will ever be the one only love of my life, but I shall never, never marry you. I could not now.

So good-bye, and God bless you. Though I write to you from a broken heart, it is from one wholly without bitterness; all that is over. That other, for whose sake you were faithless to me—she who is dividing us though she will never know it,—the fault may lie more at her door than yours,—you see how willingly I would find for you the excuse which you do not seek for yourself,—but the consequences rest on us, and can never be undone. I cried out against the injustice of it at first. It seemed so cruel, I *could not* submit. But as I

said, I am calmer now, and I do not seek to understand the reason or the justice of it. I only feel that it is inevitable and must be borne.

Good-bye again. It is so hard to say it, I linger over it, for it is the last, last time. Good-bye, then, oh, my only love, and again, God bless you.

LUCY.

XXX.

NEW YORK. "BUT I GO ON FOR EVER."

FREDDIE BOGART TO RALPH WATERMAN.

DEAR RALPH:

If you don't come soon I warn you that there will be nothing whatever left of me. I shall have pined away out of sight and sound. There will not be even a grave for you to weep over.

I have made a vital discovery since you left. It is people, not places, that make Europe worth seeing, and Italy has n't any people in it at all,—not any that we know, I mean,—and a duller spot, in consequence, it was never my ill-luck to exist in. We have done it all up at last, however, (and oh, by the way, we met such a lovely Englishman in Sicily!) and now we are back at this Columbus-y old Genoa *en*

route for Spain, *viâ* the Cornice Road and Marseilles, and after we have finished Spain we are going to Egypt to see the pyramids and things. Don't forget that you are to join us at Marseilles. If you don't you may send me back my photograph *immediately*. I only give my picture to faithful knights. I confess I miss you awfully. Mr. Grey tries to be very nice, but he does n't succeed in being half as nice as ——. I won't fill out the blank, or you 'll either get too conceited, or you 'll say I 'm flirting with you. I know I am a flirt, and indeed you can't think how badly I feel about it sometimes, Ralph. But you and I understand each other perfectly, don't we? and *you* believe I have a heart—and a good big one too—hidden away somewhere underneath all the nonsense, even if other people doubt it. Pehaps that 's because I don't show every one my real side, as I do you. You see we have always been such good friends from the very first,—have n't we?—I don't know what I should do without you now. But perhaps you

have forgotten all about me by this time. Have you? Paris is a dreadfully bad place to remember people in, I believe. Oh, Ralph, don't stay too long in Paris! Do hurry and come to Marseilles, or, as I said before, you will find no trace whatever, except a big tear-spot, left of your poor, despairing

FREDDIE.

P. S.—Here 's a flower I picked for you to-day at the Campo Santo. It 's small, but big with meaning. It 's a forget-me-not.

THE END.